THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JULY, 1804.

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II. *Portrait of Mr. John Hilton, Judge of the Course at Newmarket.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Venaticus is received, and shall appear without delay. *Malgré* the complaints of a certain Correspondent relative to the return of letters sent, with the postage unpaid—it is *not* extraordinary, but the *ordinary* conduct with all periodical publications.

The copy of Verses on Rural Sports never came to hand, and may perhaps be found at the post office through which it should have arrived, or to which it has been returned.

Agrestis, on the Adventures of a Guinea, being rhapsodically political, does not suit our plan.—We are sorry we cannot oblige an indefatigable writer.

A Song, the Empire of the Deep, by another Correspondent, being of the same description as the former, is mislaid, and if found could not be inserted.

Dick Doleful, if a real character, is inadmissible, constitutional infirmities being no object for satire; if fictitious, his creation does not sufficiently answer the end.

If J. L. M. wishes for the return of his late communications, they may be had at the Publisher's office. This line, in his Poetical Epistle to a Dealer in Night Caps,

"None shall sell them you cheaper, or better than me."

is not grammatical.

A. B.'s continuation of the Descent of the Muses, is received; but a press of temporary matter, he will perceive, has as yet prevented us from using the first: and this may serve as an apology to several other Correspondents, for the delay of their favours.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Pheasant shooting; an Engraving, Plate I.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JULY, 1804.

PHEASANT SHOOTING.

An Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Painting of the Younger Sartorius.

HAVING formerly given a set of Etchings, we propose now a set of *finished Engravings*, on Shooting Subjects; and the abovementioned we offer as the first. The specimen will, we trust, be approved; and the subsequent plates will be found finished with equal accuracy and taste.

A RECENT CHASE.

THE present season of the year preventing any communication of good sport, or long runs, from the country, I presume upon the temporary sterility, to transmit you a correct and faithful account of a very long and persevering chase, that took place a few days since, in the environs of town.

On Monday morning, the 2d instant, the Carey-street Pack—well known to have descended from the original blood-hounds—supported by public subscription, and hunted by those dashing dogs, John Doe and Richard Roe, as huntsman and whipper-in, threw off at Charing-cross, and proceeded to draw through the Cockspur-street coverts; where, hitting upon excellent drag, and picking it along in high sporting style through the Old Opera Wood, unkennelled, with an eclat beyond description; but reynard, breaking covert at the backside, where no horsemen were stationed, he stole off without a view from any sportsman of the field. He had, however, but just reached the second field from the covert, when he was met by a skirting hound, whose vociferating clamour instantly vibrating upon the auricular sensations of the eager and impetuous pack, they broke away with the most determined energy. The scent laying well, they ran breast-high through the small shaws and shambles of St. James's Market, and had nearly run up to him in the open of the Square; but finding the blood-thirsty pack gaining close upon him, he made a short head; and, suddenly turning to the right, gained ground a little of the leading hounds, who, after a short check, renewed their energy, and, perfectly recovering the scent, carried it along, without interruption, through the Jermyn enclosures, when, reaching the plains of Piccadilly, they brought him to view, but at so great a distance, that, to the best sporting judges, he seemed beating them easy. Being a knowing old fox, who had been repeatedly hunted by the same hounds—who knew his haunts, and cunningly hung for his earths—he had no alternative but to go away at once, and cross the country, without once facing his pursuers, if liberty was to be preserved.

 Confident

Confident of his speed, and indulging no doubt of his bottom, notwithstanding the pack were near him, and in full cry, he redoubled his efforts, clearing the precipice of Hyde Park, passed Tattersal's Pit, Lord Hobart's shrubbery, and topping the fences of Ebery Meadows, crossed the rivulet at Bloody Bridge, and, bearing to the left, took to the lower Sloane coverts, in one of which the first couple of leading hounds caught sight of his brush, just as he entered the earth.

The loss of him in the midst of the day, with every point in favour of the hounds, was a mortification to the parties in the field, much better conceived than to be described. Various were the opinions respecting the means to be taken to secure the victim, whose escape had been so little expected. Digging him out was at first proposed; but that was found impracticable without previous permission to break the ground. No chance at length presented itself to the enraged and disappointed, but the suggestion of starving him out; in hope of effecting which, a brace of well-trained and experienced terriers, with three couple of the fiercest and best blooded hounds, were left at the mouths of the earths—where they were occasionally supplied with support—and so continued, during night and day, from Monday evening, till the noon of the following Friday, when, without any public reason being given by Roe or Doe—who attended the dogs—they were drawn off, and reynard left to enjoy his earth unmolested; from whence, however, he was seen to bolt, on the Sunday morning at five, by several of the neighbours, who say he was met and congratulated by many of his musical friends upon the occasion.

NIMROD, Junior.

July 20, 1804.

SPORTING AMUSEMENT.

For the ensuing Michaelmas Term, in Westminster Hall.

ACCUSTOMED as you have been to favour your readers with a constant and faithful recital of such horse causes as have occurred in the courts, after they have been decided, I naturally conclude you will have no objection to let them sport their speculations, and anticipate the result of the two following in embryo, and in due legal progression to the ultimatum of an English jury, in the approaching Michaelmas Term; when, in running over the course—as crossing and jostling is allowed—great entertainment amongst the gentlemen of the long robe may be expected.

As the introduction of the parties' names, while the suits are pending, might be improper, the letters of the alphabet must be the substitutes upon the occasion.

A advertised a horse for sale; B attends in consequence to view the horse, makes inquiries, and obtains a trial, in the very gig or chair he had been accustomed to draw. At the instant of B's return, C—who had seen the advertisement also—came up, to make inquiries, and to have a trial of the horse likewise; but was desired by the servant of A, to wait a few minutes, at the expiration of which, he was told the horse was sold to B, the gentleman who had just been trying him. Upon which C, who seemed desirous of purchasing the horse, begged to leave his address, in case the horse should not prove perfectly adequate to the wishes of B, who had purchased him.

To the great surprise of C, a letter was received by him in a few hours, from B, saying, "upon more minute inspection, the horse he

he had bought did not seem strong enough for his purpose, and that if C would bring or send the sum of money specified, in Bank notes, C might have the horse as soon as he pleased." Upon the receipt of this letter, C immediately attended, and, after a trial in harness of about two hundred yards, over the stones, and an assurance from the servant of A, "that the horse was perfectly sound," tendered a check upon his banker—for the sum required—to B, who observed, as "he had not yet paid for the horse, or had him in possession," the check should be given to the servant of A, which was immediately done; who took the horse, and delivered him at the stable of the purchaser in the morning. In the first day, he was, in the opinion of many, considered defective—or, in other terms, unsound—before. This has been confirmed by the corroborations of two veterinarians of some eminence; and the present doubt arising, to excite the able efforts of those learned in the law, is—from whom the purchaser of the lame horse is to obtain retribution—

Whether from A, to whom the horse originally belonged, but who never appeared personally in the selling—his servant having executed that office—or from B, who had absolutely agreed for, but had neither paid for the horse, or taken him out of the stable?

It is necessary to observe, the purchaser's check was drawn payable to B, or bearer, which sufficiently denotes him to be the ultimate seller, although the check was handed over to the servant of A, the horse not having been previously paid for by B.

I have thus included every particular of the case, that your sporting readers, in the different Inns of Court, may, in their deep and learned lucubrations, venture to anticipate the event; as well as, whether the plaintiff, C, will be right in bringing his action against A, B, or both, as the case now stands, and is most faithfully represented?

Another curious cause stands for trial the same term, which was a few days since erased from the Court list, during Term time, in consequence of the attorney's not being ready when called for. This cause of litigation is between a wine merchant of eminence, and a horse dealer of some celebrity; the former of whom having purchased a pair of carriage-horses of the latter, they were soon tendered to the seller, one being, under the opinion of two eminent and established veterinarians, completely broken winded. In opposition to the asseveration of these gentlemen, is pitted the oldest and most experienced practitioner in the kingdom—and of Royal patronage—who affirms that the horse is positively not broken winded. Thus, Gentlemen, the ancient adage, that "Doctors differ," is once more verified; and no doubt can be entertained but excellent sport may be expected by the anxious and eager efforts of the opposite parties, when running for the heat.

Whatever the result may be, it shall be afterwards communicated.

IMPARTIALIS.

July 20, 1804.

REPORTS.

Intended Augmentation of the Severity of the Game Laws.

THE late rumours upon this subject having renewed those discussions, which they have so often excited, I am induced to offer, through the Sporting Magazine, a few plain remarks; with a view, in the first instance, to an important objection

objection against them, which seems to have been too little insisted upon, namely, their utter inefficiency and practical absurdity, inasmuch as they not only do not conduce to the preservation of the game, and the prevention of idleness and dissipation in the lower classes, the two grand objects they profess to aim at; but on the contrary, actually create encouragement for poachers, and thereby provide an inducement for the destruction of the game.

When the rigour of an institution is palliated by its beneficial effects, we lose, in some degree, our abhorrence of its injustice and oppression. But when a tyrannical and arbitrary law, instead of acting as a salutary preventive or preservative, tends to induce those evils it professes to prevent, and to destroy those advantages it would preserve, it must produce in us a sentiment of indignation, which is scarcely to be qualified by the concurrence of our contempt.

Such, however, is the character of the game laws: they restrain the harmless pleasures of the greater part of the best members of the state, and encourage the indolence and depredations of the worst classes of society. They affect to regard the preservation of the game, and they prove the strongest means of inducing its destruction. In short, whether we consider the injustice or the folly of these laws, we are lost in wonder at their toleration in a country where civil polity may be said, in other respects, to have been founded by wisdom, upon the basis of freedom.

It is continually remarked, that if there were nobody to buy stolen goods, there would be few thieves. Now, this observation applies in full force to the case before us: a poacher cannot consume the game he takes himself; he would soon give up the trade if he could find no purchaser for his spoils. This being indisputable, it will be admitted, that, in proportion as the number of buyers of game is reduced, in that same degree will the number of poachers be diminished: and this must obviously prove a consequence of increasing the number of those who have a right to kill game for themselves, by removing the present arbitrary disqualifications imposed by the game laws.

Game is now become a necessary luxury, if I may so speak, at the table of every man who might fairly claim the privileges of a sportsman. If a person of this description, therefore, is not allowed to kill his own game, when he wants it, this result will certainly follow, he will employ a poacher to take it for him.

This natural procedure has produced in large towns, as we all know, a regular commerce in game, where any one may obtain any quantity at a stated price. Wholesale dealers in the article are established in the counties where the game is *strictly preserved*, as it is called, by whom the retailers are supplied, by the usual confidential means of correspondence, with cargoes to any amount. Preserving game, then, means no more than this—the fair sportsman is driven from a manor by insults, threats, or actual prosecutions, and the game is thus almost exclusively devoted to the nocturnal ravages of mere traders in the commodity.

The quantity of game sold by the retailers in large towns is immense. Nay, the game spoiled upon their hands in a season, from the magnitude of the traffic, I have reason to believe, would, on a moderate computation, furnish all the sportsmen in a district with more diversion in that time than they can now expect to enjoy in the course of their sporting experience.

Besides this class of the traders in game, there is another, who deal more

more independently, though in a smaller way. These men take game themselves, and sell it upon their own risk. The number of this class of game merchants in the populous parts of the country, who have no other real means of getting a livelihood, would exceed the utmost credence those unacquainted with the fact, would be inclined to give to any positive statement of their amount.

Such is the praise of the game laws, and of rigid *preservers*. The open and honourable sportsman, who seeks only to kill a few birds, is deterred by the dread of penalties, or driven by informers from a Gentleman's domain, and even from his own fields, if his rental happen to fall short a doit of a certain round sum; and at night the poacher comes and sweeps away whole coveys at once.

But give the fair sportsman his fair privilege, he will then have no inducement to encourage the poacher; and then the poacher will soon get tired of his employment. Besides the instant the sportsman is restored to the enjoyment of his proper right, obstacles without end will be thrown *directly* in the way of the poacher's practice: for instance, I feel at present altogether indifferent about the game upon my land, because I cannot legally possess myself of it. I am not anxious, therefore, to detect the poacher, because he does me no injury; on the contrary, it is by his means alone I can possess myself of an elegant dainty for the entertainment of my friends. Rather, then, than throw an impediment in the way of his pursuit, I encourage him as an accommodation to me, and as an instrument by which I am gratified with the enjoyment of my own property. But give me the privilege of killing my own game myself, the case is at once changed: no poacher shall come upon my premises; I will proscribe, as far as in me lies, the whole race; I will guard my little domain at night, and employ every effort to detect and punish the enemy of my pastime, and the despoiler of my property; in a word, I shall then have game upon my farm, now I have none. My neighbours, and the country at large, would rejoice in the same advantages, which, like me, they are at present deprived of. Our game would at the same time be replenished by the co-action of other causes. We should adopt the different adventitious methods for its increase; we should anxiously anticipate the various dangers to which it would be exposed, and assiduously endeavour to prevent them.

Thus it may appear, that the game laws are so far from operating as a preventive to the idleness and consequent vices of the lower classes—as that may be influenced by their attachment to field sports—that, on the contrary, they prove a grand incentive to their inclinations in this respect; and by providing a recompense for their illegal indulgences, act as an inducement to continue them. Further, that these laws, instead of operating as a preservative of the game, effectually tend to reduce it; by affording, indirectly, a reward for its illegal destruction. And in conclusion—that the only way of preventing poaching and preserving the game, is, by a repeal of the game laws, to afford the landholder, in general, a motive for the trouble of detecting poachers; and by reducing, in the same manner, the present disqualifications, to lessen, in the same degree, the illegal demand for game, by which the poacher is maintained in his occupation.

I shall with your permission trouble your next publication with a brief view of the principle by which this measure is to be appreciated: when I shall also attempt to elucidate,

date, upon these grounds, the only restriction of the right of sporting which a free constitution can admit.

ARCTOR.

CARRIAGES FOR THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

FOUR carriages of singular elegance and beauty have been made here, for the Emperor of Morocco, by the order of the houses of Meir Macnin, of Haydon-square, and Guidalla, of Friday-street.—Three of them were made by Houlditch, and the other by Thorp.—They are all on one plan, and have the same general style of decoration; varying chiefly in the predominant colour of each. The body of the carriage is, in fact, the same as that of a post chaise, only it is of a size to hold no more than one person. It has two wheels only, and shafts like a single horse chaise, and is intended to be drawn by a single mule. It is hung very low—about a foot and a half from the ground—is very light, and elastic. One of the peculiarities of these carriages is, that they are painted, ornamented, and varnished all over, the very top being painted of the predominant colour of the body. The prevailing colour of two of them is crimson relieved, one with green, and the other with sky-blue. That of another is green, relieved with crimson. Flowers—more especially roses,—peacocks' feathers, stars, and other decorations in painting, are scattered over them, and executed with uncommon excellence—The mountings are entirely silver, and are at once simple, rich, and elegant. In fact, there is nothing gaudy about these carriages but the variety of the colours. There are no decorations of arms or imperial crowns on any part of the carriage or harness. The wheels and shafts are highly varnished and gilt, but are entirely free from carved ornaments. The inside of each carriage is lined with the finest broad-cloth of the prevailing colour of the carriage, with very rich silk lace and fringe, a silk curtain running round the top of the carriage to a certain depth, and most elegantly festooned. Each carriage has two lamps in front, in the manner of a post-chaise, the frame being of silver. The harness is the most beautiful ever seen in this country. It is of the native colour of the leather, richly studded with silver, and relieved with coloured Morocco leather, as an edging. The head-pieces of the bridles, are cut in a style of much fancy, and great elegance, and profusely decorated with silver. In a word, these carriages may be considered as good examples of that great perfection to which this branch of our manufactures is brought.

RACES TO COME.

LEWES	Aug.	2
Taunton		2
Huntingdon		7
Exeter		7
Winchester		7
Derby		7
Hereford		8
Nottingham		14
Canterbury		14
York		18
Ilsley		22
Reading		28
Chesterfield		29
Boroughbridge		29
Egham	Sept.	4
Warwick		4
Abingdon		11
Lichfield		11
Lincoln		12
Shrewsbury		18
Kingscote		18
Beccles		19
Leicester		19
Oswestry		24
Walsall		26
Northampton		26

NEW

NEW MEMOIRS

OF THAT OLD SPORTSMAN

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

MUCH has been said of the degeneracy of the present times by moralists of all kinds; and we have been taught to believe, from the pulpit, the bar, and the bench, that modern manners, more especially so far as the higher ranks may be concerned, are infinitely less pure than those of a more distant date. Some, indeed, have gone such a length as to maintain, that England is at this present moment in the same deplorable situation as Rome, at the period when Sallust, who was himself of the equestrian order, so forcibly exclaims against the dissipated men of quality of his own day—

"Inertissimi nobiles, in quibus, sicut in statua, præter nomen nihil erat additamenti."

On inquiry, however, into the pastimes and amusements of the last age, it may perhaps be discovered, that nearly as large a portion of vice, with a smaller degree of virtue, then prevailed; and in reply to the charges of effeminacy and dissipation, some will doubtless be inclined to point to our army and navy, and remark, that a greater number of men of rank and fortune are at this moment engaged in the service of their country, both by sea and land, than at any former epoch.

During those semi-barbarous ages, indeed, when our ancient barons were accustomed to repair for a few weeks to the camp of the monarch, "to do suit and service," in consequence of the tenure by which they held their lands, and spent the remainder of their lives in hunting wild animals in the forest, or feasting in the Gothic halls of their sturdy forefathers, our ancestors, perhaps, might have been more vigorous and robust; but the brutal custom of ebriety was far more prevalent, and a certain barbarous ferocity was painted on the countenance of the haughty chieftain, whom we always find in our old pictures surrounded by his obsequious followers, carrying a hooded hawk on his fist, and constantly followed by a leash of greyhounds.

But it is not of remote times that we are now about to treat; for although the subject of these memoirs may be said to have flourished during the middle of the preceding century, yet we have beheld him in the present enjoying a degree of health and vivacity capable of creating the envy of many of our young sprigs of fashion.

William Douglas, Earl of March, Baron Douglas, Duke of Queensberry, Knight of the Order of the Thistle, is descended from an illustrious Scottish family, several of his ancestors having intermarried with the blood-royal of the Caledonian kings. Many of this high race have held high and honourable situations in the country which gave them birth; and since their residence in this, they have been noticed with particular attention by our sovereigns.

On the death of his father, the last Earl, his Lordship succeeded to the family estates, and became well known both in London and at Newmarket, during almost fifty years, by the familiar name of Lord March. Being very young when he came to his title, and entering early into the world, it so happened that he formed a decided and almost unconquerable taste for the amusements of the turf. Indeed the situation of a young nobleman, when he first starts in life, may be said to be peculiarly pain-

ful; for, being brought up to no useful or honourable profession, and seldom accustomed, until maturer years have ripened his judgment, to assume the character of a senator, occupations of a more gay and volatile nature too frequently engross his attention, and not seldom ingulph his fortune.

The late Duke of Bedford, one of the most amiable and high-minded men of his age, exhibits the most satisfactory proof that genius and abilities of the first class are not exempt from failings of this kind, and that even an intercourse with grooms, and a certain degree of familiarity with the stable, does not always preclude the exercise of talents, or the practice of the most distinguished virtues.

While yet a boy, the Earl of March is reported to have acquired a certain species of distinction, by his gallantries in the capital, and his exploits at the race-ground; and he shone at once the meteor of the turf and the drawing-room. A handsome person, of which he has been particularly careful, joined to a splendid equipage, a title, and a fortune, all of which were heightened by manners highly polished, and conversation that seemed bewitching, ensured to him the smiles of the fair. But however he might occasionally cull from the parterre of beauty, the subject of these memoirs had neither then nor since selected a matrimonial bouquet for his own use. To one lady, indeed, who had been allured from the genial clime of Italy, by the blandishments of an operatic life, and the hopes of a splendid fortune, his Lordship is said to have been long and warmly attached. This temporary connection, indeed, gave birth to many jokes, as a celebrated man of wit * of that day, was supposed to have enjoyed a species of copartnership in the smiles of the fair warbler.

But if this nobleman has never yet led a willing partner to the temple of Hymen, it is neither the fault of the beauties of the present nor a former age, as many of our young ladies doubtless burn with the same ardour for wealth, splendour, and a ducal coronet, that their grandmothers and great grand-dames exhibited half a century ago. It must, therefore, be, and assuredly is, the particular fancy of this peer himself, that has precluded a species of alliance which would have ensured legitimate heirs to his large fortune and numerous titles.

In another line, to which we have also alluded before, this nobleman has been peculiarly fortunate. Although, like an illustrious Duke, whose name has already been mentioned, he possessed a great attachment to the pleasures of the turf, yet he never was the prey of sharpers. Indeed both of these noblemen may be supposed to have descended on the race-ground, completely armed, in the same manner that Minerva proceeded from the head of Jupiter; and of one of them in particular, it might be said, even while a boy—

" In troth thou'rt able to instruct grey
hairs,
And teach the wily African."

But in order to prevent pillage it became necessary for Lord March to place no reliance whatever upon jockeys, to trust all to himself, and to depend solely upon his own ability and exertions. Two memorable achievements of this kind will never be forgotten by the disciples of the whip. The first occurred in 1756, when his Lordship,

* The late George Selwyn, Esq.

properly

properly accoutred, in his velvet cap, red silk jacket, buckskin breeches, and long spurs, not only backed his own horse for a considerable sum, but actually rode him.

This contest, which took place on the race-ground at Newmarket, when the Earl had attained his twenty-sixth year, was not, however, with an inferior, either in blood or fortune; for his antagonist, on this occasion, was no less a person than a Scotch nobleman, addicted to the same sports as himself, and whose family, like his own, had been allied to the kings of his native country. This trial of skill between the Achilles and the Hector of horsemen, of course attracted the notice of the public, and the ground was covered at an early hour with all the fashionables of that period. Lord March, thin, agile, and admirably qualified both by skill and make, for exertion, was the victor of the day: to him was given the meed of fame, and the reward of activity; and no conqueror at the Olympic games ever received greater plaudits.

The other contest was with an Irish gentleman, usually known by the appellation of Count O'Taafe, much celebrated about the middle of the last century, for his bets and his oddities. In consequence of a conversation at a sporting meeting, relative to running against time, it was suggested by the Earl of March, that it was possible for a carriage to be drawn with a degree of celerity hitherto unexampled and almost incredible*. Being desired to name his *maximum*, he undertook, provided he had the choice of his ground, and a certain time for training, to draw a machine with four wheels not less than nineteen miles within the space of sixty minutes. As it had been already discovered, that a race-horse might be urged to such a degree of speed, as to run over a mile in a minute, this, which allowed about three to a carriage, did not appear so surprising to the knowing ones for a short space of time; but the continuance of such a rapid motion during a whole hour, staggered their belief, and many of them were completely outwitted.

As much depended on the lightness of the machine, application was made to an ingenious coachmaker—Wright—in Long Acre, who exhausted all the resources of his art to diminish the weight and friction as much as possible; and silk is said to have been recurred to in the construction of the harness, instead of leather. It then became necessary to select four blood-horses of approved speed, and, what was far more difficult to procure, two honest groom boys—Errat and another—of small weight and tried skill, to manage them. The course at Newmarket having been pitched upon for the trial, a mile was marked out there; and although several horses are said to have been killed in training, yet it soon became evident that the project was feasible.

On the arrival of the appointed day—August 29, 1750—which was to decide bets to the amount of many thousand pounds, the noble and ignoble gamesters repaired to the spot pitched upon; the jockeys mounted; the carriage, constructed partly of wood and partly of whalebone, was put in motion, and, rushing on with a velocity almost rivalling the progress of sound, darted within the appointed time to the goal!

On the demise of George II. the Earl of March was appointed one of the Lords of the Bedcham-

* The particulars of this carriage-match are described at length, in page 240 of our Magazine for February, 1802.

ber to his present Majesty, which place he held until the year 1789, when, giving his vote in the famous Regency business, in support of the Prince of Wales, in opposition to the premier, after a service of nearly thirty years, he was dismissed from his employment. To one enjoying his immense wealth, a circumstance of this kind, at least in a pecuniary point of view, could not give a moment's uneasiness; and to the writer of this article, who has beheld him acting in what seemed to be a painful official situation, his dismission appears in the nature of a triumph, rather than in that of a disgrace.

But there is no accounting for the feelings of others; and an apprenticeship at Court might have, perhaps, rendered even the dismal red brick, and dark cloisters of St. James's, dear to those accustomed to traverse the apartments of this gloomy and monastic pile. In such a case, an arrow shot from the hand of royalty, although perhaps pointed by another, might inflict an Acteon-like wound—

"——— hæret lateri lethalis arundo."

The late Lord Bute, who is said to have been in no small degree partial to his countrymen, took the Earl of March under his patronage at an early period of life, and, in addition to the situation already alluded to, exerted his influence in another point of view; for in the beginning of the present reign, his Lordship was elected one of the sixteen Peers of Scotland, and continued to enjoy that honour in about six successive parliaments, until it became unnecessary, in consequence of his attainment of an English barony.

At length, on the demise of the late Duke of Queensberry, the Earl of March succeeded to that title, and at the same time obtained a very considerable addition to a fortune already very ample, particularly a very valuable estate in Wiltshire. Other honours were also showered down upon his Grace, for he was elected a Knight of the Thistle. He also obtained a place of some emolument, that of Vice-Admiral of Scotland, which he afterwards resigned in behalf of his old and intimate friend, as well as opposite neighbour, Lord William Gordon: and, in 1786, he became an English Peer, by the style and title of Baron Douglas.

Many jokes have been levelled at his Grace, and some of the diurnal writers seem to have actually lived at his expence; yet he appears to have invariably exhibited a generous forbearance, and was perhaps one of the first to laugh at the rude puns, and coarse allusions, which have taken place relative to him.

In point of fortune the Duke is affluent; for he not only possesses immense estates, but is said to keep a larger sum of ready money at his banker's, than any other nobleman or gentleman in the kingdom. He has been enabled to obtain a degree of wealth necessary for his independence, by means of a well regulated economy. He is not a churl, however, either in his table or his appearance; for no one entertains his friends with more hospitality, or exhibits a greater number of splendid carriages, well-dressed servants, or rich liveries, on gala occasions.

As to himself, notwithstanding the ravages of a recent illness, and the addition of seventy-three years of age, he still looks hale and hearty; and, when viewed from behind, seems to be fully as youthful and alert, as many of the beaux of the present age.

His Grace appears almost every fine morning, in front of his house in Piccadilly, sitting in a cane-chair, in the balcony, enjoying the sight

sight of the passengers; and, if we are to credit report, not wholly insensible to female charms. He resides next door to the Earl of Yarmouth, whose lady was brought up under his immediate inspection, whom he has always cherished with a certain degree of paternal affection, and to whom, if we are to believe report, he intends to bequeath a considerable part of his fortune.

Formerly, when it was the fashion to dress in a splendid manner, his Grace complied with the custom of the day; but now that good sense begins to prevail, in respect to the decoration of person, he conforms to the temper of the times, wisely preferring elegance to tawdry finery.

The Duke possesses a very fine taste for music. He does not indeed, we believe, like his friend the late Lord Kellie, who attained an unrivalled excellence on the violin, delight in instrumental, but we know that he is an eminent judge of vocal performance, and has attained such a facility in the science, as to be able to hum the songs and accompaniments of any new opera in his way home from the Haymarket. He himself has also been known occasionally to accompany a lady on the harpsichord; and even to exhilirate the festivity of a convivial meeting, by a *solo* of his own.

The Duke of Queensberry spends a great portion of the year in the metropolis; and indeed the view of the Green Park from his house can scarcely be equalled, in point of mere scenery, by any portion of the kingdom. Having rendered his residence larger and more commodious, by a stair-case to the basement story, he may be seen every forenoon, either ascending from this, or descending, by means of a little iron stair-case, to reach his *vis-a-vis*, mount his little black forester, or get into a single-horse chaise, which appears to have more of the *antico moderno* than any thing appertaining to him. About five o'clock, in the summer, he generally drives in a sociable to his house at Richmond, which is built on the margin of the Thames, and so situated as to command a beautiful prospect both by land and water. There he spends the evening in festivity, enjoying the sound of music, surrounded by friends, male and female, and not unmindful of the second line of the celebrated distich of Martial—

> "Balnea, Vina, Venus consumunt corpora nostra,
> Sed vitam faciunt Balnea, Vina, Venus."

His Grace was formerly accustomed to make longer excursions, and to spend several weeks at a time at his seat at Amesbury, in the immediate neighbourhood of Stonehenge. It was once the residence of that Duchess of Queensberry who acquired no common share of celebrity by her patronage of Gay.

He is ground-landlord of the town of Amesbury, and also lord of the manor. The house is a noble building, like all those built by Inigo Jones, who was the architect; and the present possessor must be allowed to have made great improvements in the grounds, having not only enlarged them, but planted an adjoining hill, at the foot of which the Avon beautifully meanders, after passing through the gardens.

Nor ought it to be omitted, that he has generously appropriated this charming seat to the victims of devotion; and thus proved, by a noble action, that if his Grace the Duke of Queensberry has not zeal sufficient to found a nunnery, he has at least munificence and generosity

nerosity enough to protect a few antiquated devotees, who consider seclusion from mankind as absolutely necessary for their salvation!

A WOLF DESTROYED IN SUSSEX.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

IN your Magazine for May last, I was agreeably entertained with Lycophontes's account of a wolf in England, though the appearance of such an animal, in its most wild and savage state, in a country from which, as is generally supposed, the race has been so long totally extirpated, appeared astonishing and unaccountable.

A circumstance has since occurred, which not only leads me into a firm conviction of the veracity of your correspondent, but likewise, in my opinion, satisfactorily accounts for this extraordinary incident.

Being the other day in company with some gentlemen of my acquaintance, in the course of conversation the "Wolf in England" came upon the carpet. The whole of them appeared to be, as Lycophontes observes, "bewildered in conjectures, how this creature could have been engendered in a region so remote from the haunts of wolves." One of them in particular got up, and in a very plausible manner endeavoured to demonstrate, that Lycophontes was no better than a *menteur*, and this wolf of his nothing more than a bugbear. So convincing were many of his arguments, that the rest of the company appeared to be entirely of his opinion, excepting an elderly gentleman, who said, although he had not ventured his opinion before, he thought he should have but little difficulty in proving, that Lycophontes was very undeserving of the epithet that gentleman had been pleased to bestow upon him.

"I remember," said he, "about thirty years ago, a circumstance took place which bears a wonderful analogy to the case in question. A wolf which was kept by ——— Newnham, Esq. of Mansfield Place, in the county of Sussex, owing to the negligence of his keeper, in not properly fastening his cage, slipped from his confinement, and sallied forth.

"He bent his course across the country, towards Chailey, carrying terror and destruction with him. This being a woody country, prevented his travelling much farther, and at the same time afforded him a pretty secure retreat from the many attempts that were made to destroy him. Here he for some time committed dreadful ravages among the sheep stationed in the neighbourhood. The shepherds and their dogs, unused to such kind of visitors, heroically fled the field, and left the grim tyrant to riot in the blood of his unresisting victims. But soon assembling together, they went forth in a body, armed with loaded fowling pieces, and determined not to return before they had found and destroyed the object of their vengeance. Having proceeded some distance, without being successful in their search, they at length came to the confines of a thicket, bounded by a meadow, in which they knew there were some sheep feeding. One of them softly approaching to a broken place in the hedge, which ran along one side of the meadow, beheld the wolf regaling upon one of them, and

and the others running in wild affright about the field. Much deliberation was unnecessary; he beckoned to his companions; they approached, kneeled down together, and fired a volley, which immediately laid the wolf very peaceably by the side of his fleecy prey.

"This, gentlemen," continued he, "is an absolute fact, and will bear investigation; and I have no doubt but the wolf which Lycophontes speaks of, was kept by some gentleman, merely as a curiosity, and escaped from his confinement much in the same manner with that I have related. It is, however, a possible case, that it might have been turned out there, purposely, by some mischievous person.

"But it is absolutely impossible, for reasons clear and obvious, to any one of the least reflection, that it could have been bred there in a wild state."

Thus spoke the senior: and his reasoning appeared to us so very rational and consistent, that none of us had any doubt left respecting the truth of Lycophontes's relation, or were any more at a loss to account for the appearance of the wolf in that neighbourhood.

Should it have a similar effect on your numerous readers, and particularly your friend Lycophontes, it will very much gratify your devoted humble servant,

EXPLORATUS.

HOW TO RIDE A RACE.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR.

As a relative to our old acquaintance Geoffrey Gambado, I beg leave to offer a few directions for riding, which I do not think our worthy friend has spoken of in his "Essay on Horsemanship."

Let your horse be fed well the night before he is to run, and let him have plenty of water, in case he may be taken thirsty, and stop to drink at a puddle, or stop to nibble a little grass as you are going round.

But most of all, take care that he comes without body clothes; for he may catch cold when they are taken off.

Before you get ready, give him three or four hard knocks with a stick, to put him on the *qui vive*.

If you ride yourself, I should recommend a satin jacket, either scarlet, purple spotted, or any other remarkable colour, as this may make people look at you.

When you are mounted, set off with the lead as fast as you can; because, if you get before the rest about a hundred yards, and, instead of pushing down the lines, you make your push at first, no horse will overtake you.

When you come in, begin to curse and swear; it will shew that you are displeased with yourself. Say that, if the horse had been better rode, he might have done better, or any little thing of that sort, as it will shew your modesty.

When he has done, turn him loose on the race-ground, that he may nibble a little; he will probably deserve it after his hard day's work.

I have forgot to mention one thing; be sure you spur him most cruelly. Nothing looks so gentleman-like, as to see your running-horse all over blood; and if you can but convey a little of it up to your jacket—especially if it be a white or yellow one—so much the more jockey-like.

GAMBADO, JUNIOR.

Bampton, Oxon.

A POETICAL

A

POETICAL EPISTLE IN PROSE;

OR, A

PROSAICAL EPISTLE IN VERSE.

[From Hayley's Life of Cowper, vol. iii. page 88, Letter 40.]

To the Reverend John Newton.

My very Dear *Friend,*

I AM going to *send*, what, when you have *read*, you may scratch your *head*, and say, I *suppose*, there's nobody *knows*, whether what I have *got*, be verse or *not*; by the tune and the *time*, it ought to be *rhyme*, but if it *be*, did you ever *see*, of late or of *yore*, such a ditty *before?*

I have writ *Charity**, not for *popularity*, but as well as I *could*, in hopes to do *good*: and if the *Reviewer* should say, to be *sure* the gentleman's *muse* wears methodist *shoes*, you may know by her *pace*, and talk about *grace*, that she and her *bard* have little *regard* for the taste and *fashions*, and ruling *passions*, and hoidening *play*, of the modern *day*; and though she *assume* a borrowed *plume*, and now and then *wear* a tittering *air*, 'tis only her *plan* to catch, if she *can*, the giddy and *gay*, as they go that *way*, by a *production*, on a new *construction*; she has baited her *trap*, in hopes to *snap* all that may *come*, with a sugar *plum*; his opinion in *this*, will not be *amiss*; 'tis what I *intend*, my principal *end*, and if I *succeed*, and folks should *read*, till a few are *brought* to a serious *thought*, I shall think I am *paid* for all I have *said*, and all I have *done*, though I have *run* many a *time* after a *rhyme*, as far as from *hence* to the end of my *sense*, and by *hook* or *crook* write another *book*, if I live, and am *here*, another *year*.

I have heard *before* of a room, with a *floor* laid upon *springs*, and such like *things*, with so much *art*, in every *part*, that when you went *in*, you was forced to *begin* a minuet *pace*, with an air and a *grace*, swimming *about*, now in and now *out*, with a deal of *state*, in a figure of *eight*, without pipe or *string*, or any such *thing*; and now I have *writ*, in a rhyming *fit*, what will make you *dance*, and as you *advance*, will keep you *still*, though against your *will*, dancing *away*, alert and *gay*, till you come to an *end* of what I have *penn'd*, which that you may *do*, ere Madam and *you* are quite worn *out* with jigging *about*, I take my *leave*, and here you *receive*, a bow *profound*, quite down to the *ground*, from your humble *me*, W. C.

* A Poem.

YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT.

A Ramble from it over the Yar's Mouth, under the Cliffs, to the Needle Rocks.—The Alarm—A Calm after a Storm—The Lavatory—Fresh Water Down—The Warrener's House—The British Fleet—The Egg-gatherers—The Bird-catcher's Wife and her Babe—The Old Shepherd—A Set-down at the Bugle at Yarmouth.

THE ALARM.

I WAS this morning alarmed at a very early hour, by the reiterated cries of a distressed female; and, leaping from my bed, descended with all the haste possible. The master of the house, it appeared, had been up the greater part of the night, which was his usual custom, to superintend a

brewing;

brewing; and the companion of his nocturnal labours was a female servant of the family. Of this young woman my lady hostess had for some time been jealous, and, stealing by a private way to the brewery, discovered enough to confirm her suspicions. The happy pair were dozing in each others arms, when the enraged wife entered. Transported beyond reason, she seized a vessel, and, plunging it into the boiling wort, dashed its contents upon the objects of her indignation. But the screams that disturbed me came not from the scalded parties. The husband, the greatest demon of the two, was beating the wife, for this unwarrantable effort of her fury, round the brewhouse, and in a manner most unmerciful. However, I had the power to soften his resentment; but could not silence the cries of the resentful woman, who continued her lamentations till the whole street was roused from its peaceable propriety—

O, Jealousy! what furies urge thee on
To horrid deeds? binding the soul so fast
In cords, that godlike Reason cannot break,
Nor Friendship sever.

Unwilling to remain in a place likely to become the caverns of eternal discord, I quitted the scene for one more agreeable to my own inclinations, crossed the mouth of the Yar, and presently exchanged the sounds of terror for that tranquillity so friendly to rational reflections.

What a miserable estate is matrimony, when, while one party pulls for the island of Prosperity, the other strives for the rock of Desolation? To a reflecting mind, this kind of existence, in the perspective view, is more to be dreaded than the scenes in Tartarus. There is no lawful way to slip our convoy, and happiness is only to be found when one bark or the other goes down, and is lost for ever. Were it possible to foresee the evils that await this indissoluble tie, I verily believe the priest would often go without his fee, and that illicit population would soon outstrip that of benedictine affections. For husband and wife to be eternally scratching and brawling, one against the other, like two strange cats in a garret, is torment enough for the damned; and could we have a prior knowledge of this misery, what lover would be hardy enough to attempt it? A Reverend Dean, speaking on this subject, has said, that he must be a fool indeed, that would not prefer the *honey-pot* to the *curry-comb*.

Chaucer, the father of our English poets, entertained the same ideas of miserable matrimony, at least four hundred years ago; and has left us the following lively picture of *before* and *after* that eventful conjunction—

"Whilome he cherished her—But when tied
By holy Church, he could not her abide:
Like unto dog which lighteth on a bone,
His tail he waggeth, glad therefore is grown—
But thilke same bone, if to his tail thou tie,
Pardie, the cur, in fear, away does fly."

A CALM AFTER A STORM.

I HAVE often experienced the comforts of a summer morning in solitude, with a true sense of gratitude to the wise Author of Nature; but in such a morning as this, and in such a place, the human mind must be absorbed in the lowest ditch of stupidity, not to be moved to the highest exultations. The breezes were just awake, and fell upon my cheek soft as gossamer upon a rose-leaf; the sea smooth

as a looking-glass, and almost imperceptible in its motion; and the sun was just darting his animating beams over the high cliffs of Allum-Bay, upon the wide-spreading oaks of the New Forest, which had now completed their vernal liveries. The aquatic birds were busy in skimming the surface of the gentle current, to catch the finny tribes as they leaped to meet the genial ray; while others were fleeting to and fro with nourishment for the nest. The larks from the hills and surrounding inclosures were mounting to heaven, and ravishingly sweet in song. The fishermen were employed along the sandy beach, and chanting merrily to the motions of their labour. To be brief, all that presented to my eye, my ear, and other senses, was harmony and love. The muse was awake, and so delighted with the surrounding objects, I could not resist an inclination she inspired; and scarce had I passed the mouth of the Yar, and Captain Urry's delightful gardens, when, with the rest of things, I dealt my tributary song—

SONG.

NOW far are flown the shades of night,
And brilliant beams the star of day;
Blest source of never-fading light,
Accept a poet's vernal lay.
Where eve had shed her pearly tear,
Where darkness spread the bloomy grove,
A thousand voices charm the ear,
With grateful harmony and love.

In whispers 'midst the leaves confess'd,
The wanton breezes wait thy reign,
And cheer the linnet on her nest,
And sweetly fan her callow train.
Ah, mortals! 'tis the wond'rous Pow'r
That graceless sceptics disapprove,
Re-wakes the breeze, and fills the bow'r
With matchless harmony and love.

The new-blown rose lifts up her face,
In smiles to kiss the morning sun,
And yielding to his warm embrace,
Loves where her beaut'ous form begun.
The light-wing'd bees for new-born sweets
Among the blooming hawthorns rove,
And, drinking balm from all that greets,
Sing round of harmony and love.

'Midst these exults the vagrant muse,
So little lov'd by those in town;
What bliss—she sings—must grandeur lose,
Immur'd in beds of silk and down?
Go, Folly! shine by midnight blaze,
To sounds of art with riot move;
Let me pursue these rural ways
With nature, harmony, and love.

By the time my song finished, I had passed the Fishing-cove, and set me on some rude stones to make a sketch from a very romantic appearance, called Weston-point; which place taken for the foreground, and the Needle-rocks for the distance, with the traffic moving on the waters, the surrounding objects, and the opposite shore, would, in my opinion, though a little diffused, be found worthy the attention of our best landscape and marine painters.

THE LAVATORY.

THE heat now became powerful, for the sun had reached the meridian; and as the tide was nearly out, I was induced to venture under the rocks, and undress for a swim, when a labouring man, at work in the clay-pits above, perceiving my intention, informed me of dangers I had not suspected, and that, if I attempted to go far from shore, I should find it very difficult to return. With all these disadvantages, I could not repel the inclination to look on what I had been told was one of the grandest sights round the island; so I dashed into the uncontaminating brine, and made the best of my way to the first opening between the Needles, resolving, if possible, to pass the Eye; but finding a strong current set through into Chale-bay, I was

I was soon sensible of the impracticability to return from such a venture; so that I had little more than a transient view of the dreadful summit, and of the vast chasm within—a picture so beautiful, that description is too feeble to convey proper ideas of its sublimity. At this moment the same labourer made signs for my return, and informed me the sea was coming in, which I already perceived: and a fresh breeze springing up, gave a very active motion to that which was before perfectly calm, I hastened through the ruffling waters with all the strength I possessed, and, though a little fatigued, by no means repented my dangerous excursion. Having learned from the friendly workman all the productions of these inhospitable shores, I mounted to the summit of the cliffs, and, with the greatest delight, surveyed those beauties from above which had but faintly diverted me below.

FRESH WATER DOWN.

These ample downs, clothed with an everlasting verdure, feeding flocks whose flesh equals the mutton of Lansdown, run in a continued chain, from Bradin in the east, to this western promontory; and the fleece they produce is of so fine and pure a staple as to make it a most desirable object with the western clothiers, who seek it with the greatest avidity, paying always in ready money for the same; and this proves a great source of riches and content to the islanders, who run no risk of extraneous credit, doubtful paper currency, and perplexing law-suits. I have been informed by a very respectable farmer of Yarmouth, that when Spanish wool became scarce, in consequence of the war, he sold the fleece of his sheep for six pounds fifteen shillings the tod, of twenty-eight pounds; a greater price than has been paid for the wool of Spain—

Thus Vecta for herbage, for mutton, and fleece,
Can equal all Spain, and the islands of Greece.

Having been directed to the Light-house over the Needles, which shews to the seaman an hundred brilliant reflectors, and those a thousand feet above his element, I made the best of my way to behold from the top of this building a fleet of men of war coming up channel, under a press of sail, with the wind fresh at west; but for a little space was disappointed by a sudden and heavy shower that overtook me in the Coney-burrows on the Down, and forced me to the warren-house for shelter.

THE WARRENER'S HOUSE.

At this place I met a London traveller, who came to purchase pelts of the warrener. When I expressed my surprise how he could make it worth his while to take so long a journey for an article in itself so simple, he assured me I was mistaken in the opinion I entertained of his traffic, and entered largely into the advantages to be made from the skins of these creatures; and said that, except in the breeding seasons, the whole of his time was taken up in Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Sussex, and Hampshire, to bargain for all the silver-grey pelts these counties could provide, and wished the supply an hundred times greater than it was likely to turn out; adding, that his custom was a grand object to warreners, even upon the present narrow scale it was confined to, for he could afford to give fifteen shillings a dozen for all he could obtain. This led me to inquire to what manufacture they were applied? He informed me, when the skins were properly

prepared, and sewed together in a uniform way, they were made up into bales for the China trade, and that he exported a great quantity of these bales annually; for, in the colder parts of China, the ladies bought his fur-pieces, without regarding the expence, to line their winter apartments with, in the way we do our rooms with hangings of paper.

Such was the information I collected at the warrener's house. Upon mature thinking, I am apprehensive, if the legislative powers of England do not soon interfere with the projectors of this traffic, that useful covering, the hat, will come to the purchaser at a price infinitely surpassing what it fetches in the present markets; because the coney-wool is the principal article of that valuable branch of manufacture, and its exportation cannot fail of being injurious to our own manufacturers—

All private profit still should be withstood
That trenches rudely on the public good.

THE BRITISH FLEET.

The storm was over, the sun and the breeze presently drove off the gloom, and in less than half an hour I arrived at the spot I first intended to visit. The fleet was but a few leagues before me, and that which added most to the magnificence of the sight, was three captured ships, with the British flag flying over the colours of the vanquished enemy. My eye pursued this new scene with eagerness and pleasure; for, however a reflecting mind may determine respecting the miseries of war—and God knows no one deprecates their annihilation more than myself—yet I must confess, that while such evils are permitted from necessity, I cannot help feeling a satisfaction that the advantage lies on the side of my country; but from my soul I contemn all warfare begun in pride, and continued in unfeeling contumacy.

Leaving the Light-house, I proceeded to the verge of Fresh water Cliff, where the traveller is presented with a most charming bird's-eye view of the Needle Rocks, particularly well worth his attention, though his pleasure should meet with an alloy of pain, upon recollecting the danger of the sea-worn mariner in a storm; for the tempest that forces him on these rocks must drive him to death. Though these sharp-pointed terrors have for ages resisted the buffetings of the great Neptune, yet, in the year 1764, one of them, the largest of the whole, yielded to the powers of the elements, and fell with a most tremendous crash.

THE EGG-GATHERERS.

About a mile to the eastward of the Light-house, I went to satisfy myself respecting the truth of a tale I had heard at Yarmouth, about the descent of some persons who, during the summer months, venture their existence for a pittance barely worth the naming. Of this I was fully satisfied; for, by approaching the verge of the cliff—

How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes
So low!

—I beheld several men suspended, with baskets at their backs, collecting the eggs of the poor aquatic visitors that resort to those cliffs once a year, to incubate and rear their young, and then return, to be seen no more till the next summer again invites them to this treacherous and inhospitable spot. The first step taken to accomplish so hazardous an undertaking, is to drive an iron stake into the ground above, so deep as to be capable of bearing the

the man below. To this a long line is fastened, with a pole fixed in a horizontal position, on which the egg-gatherer sits, and shifts himself from nest to nest, till his capacious basket can hold no more. He then draws himself to the top, and, with his new acquired fruitage, hastens to find a market.

THE BIRD-CATCHER'S WIFE AND HER BABE.

On this very spot, as the tale is related, once occurred an admirable instance of presence of mind in a female. It was related to me by an old shepherd at Fresh Water, who, at the age of eighty-four, describes the fact with all the vigour of a young man. Notwithstanding a similar story is recorded of Lycippe, by the Greek poet Archias, I am inclined to believe this; for the feelings of a tender mother are still the same, or in the regions of the north or at the antarctic circle.

"One morning," said the old man, "as I was looking for a strayed ewe, I came up with some bird-catchers. They presently prepared their tackle, and went down the cliffs, and left behind the wife of one of them to shift the ropes, and to do such offices as the nature of their business demanded. That she might the better attend her charge, the woman had placed beneath her cloak, at a small distance, a sleeping boy, about twelve months old, and thinking all was safe, applied herself to the stake; when, looking round, to her great astonishment the child had crept from beneath the covering, and had wantonly reached the verge of the cliff, at least eight hundred feet from the sea, and wanted but a few inches more to sink into eternity. Alarmed at his tremendous situation, the mother stood like a fixed oak, but spoke not. To rush forward was to destroy her playful boy!—what could she do? Heaven inspired her with the sudden thought—she bared her full, round, healthful breast, and claimed by signs which feeling mothers best devise, her boy's attention. He saw his favourite source, stretched his little arms, and, smiling, hastened to the fountain of his life and health; while the eager mother, in speechless enjoyment, first hugged him to her breast, then bore him from the reach of danger, and still retired some paces farther back, but only to fall and faint, overcome with too swift returning ecstacy."

What a wonderful thought in the moment of such danger! What an expedient!—

"What pow'r, maternal nature, shall controul
The magic impulse of thy daring soul?
To save thy young, though elements conspire,
Thou 'lt dash the saucy wave and brave the fire:
Surmounted ills give vigour to thy mind,
And what the feeble dread, to thee is wind!
So the fierce lion from the hunter's bow
Her offspring guards, and scorns the subtile foe,
Shakes from her shaggy hide the galling dart,
And with her noble nature heals the smart."

THE OLD SHEPHERD.

Had you listened, as I did, to the old man's recital of this story; had you heard, like me, his well-modulated tones of voice, and seen his actions; had you observed the muscles of his fine and venerable face, together with his starting tear, and his smile of rapture, accompanied with a sympathy indescribable; you must have been adamant not to have been affected like me. The late Mr. Garrick once heard the old shepherd tell this story of the bird-catcher's wife and her boy,

and sending for him the next day, gave the old man half-a-guinea for another rehearsal. Upon Mr. Garricks return to London, he entered a room where a number of ladies, his particular acquaintance, were assembled, and, upon their requesting him to give some account of his journey, that faithful representative of nature related the shepherd's story with all his pathos; and when he came to the feelings of the mother, and the danger of her babe, his manner was so powerful, that several of the company fell from their chairs, while others, to save the like effect, left the room.

A SET-DOWN AT THE BUGLE.

After refreshing myself at Fresh Water Gate Inn, I visited the celebrated cave at the commencement of the high cliff—a romantic scene, well worth the traveller's attention, as is the house at the Water Gate, where I was handsomely entertained at a reasonable expence, and where a stranger may always find good accommodations, making some allowance for the remote situation of this aquatic cabin.

Quitting the back shore of the Isle of Wight, I passed the head of the Yar, took the road through the pleasant village of Fresh Water, and, having enriched my collection of picturesque sketches with one of its old church, I arrived at the Town Ferry, and presently found a station much more agreeable than that I had left in the morning.

I joined a very respectable company, with whom I concluded the day; and I have every good wish to return Mrs. Stevens, the friendly hostess at the Bugle at Yarmouth, upon the Solant Waters, for her attention and unparalleled civilities.

By this time you must be tired of reading my last day's Ramble. If you are not, I am in writing it; so once more, farewell. Your's, &c. T. N.

REMARKS ON MEN OF GIGANTIC STATURE, AND PARTICULARLY ON THE IRISH GIANT O'BRIEN.

By Mr. Blair, Surgeon, of the Lock Hospital, &c.

THE existence of whole nations of gigantic persons may well be questioned: but there can be no reasonable doubt of the reality of certain individuals, whose stature has greatly exceeded that of Og king of Bashan, which has been variously computed; some supposing him to have been more than twelve English feet, while others think his stature did not exceed eleven feet. In like manner, the giant Goliah is generally computed to have been about nine feet nine inches; but Bishop Cumberland supposes he might have been full eleven feet high. The Emperor Maximinus is said to have been nine feet; and several other Romans, of equal stature, are reported to have lived in the reign of Augustus, &c. Accounts are contained in the Philosophical Transactions, of human skeletons dug up in England, measuring eight and nine feet in length, which probably were Roman. Credible relations among the moderns are likewise to be found of men and women fully equal in size to any of the ancients, whose existence can be verified: although I think no credit can be attached to the fabulous

lous and contradictory stories of the Patagonian people, who have been represented as a nation of giants. A commissary on board Le Maire's fleet affirmed that he had measured the bones of men, in sepulchres of South America between eleven and twelve feet high; and Turner, the Naturalist, declares that he had seen, on the Brazil coast, a race of very gigantic savages, one of whom measured twelve feet. The declaration of Turner is, moreover, rendered credible by Monsieur Thevet, who, in his description of America, published at Paris, 1575, tells us, he saw and measured the skeleton of a South American, then not many years dead, which was eleven feet five inches in length; his skull was three feet one inch in circumference, and the leg bones full three feet four inches long. To these remarkable instances may be added a well proportioned living man whom Diemerbroeck saw at Utrecht, measuring eight feet six inches, and who is likewise mentioned by Mr. Ray. Also a youth seen by Dr. Becamus, who was nearly nine feet high; a man almost ten feet; and a woman, quite ten feet. Among our own countrymen, may be named Walter Parsons, porter to King James the First, about seven feet seven inches in stature; and Edward Malone—or Melloon—whom Dr. Molyneux and Dr. Musgrave have described of the same height, A. D. 1682-5. In vol. xli. and xlii. of the Philosophical Transactious are two engravings, taken from an *os frontis* and an *os bregmatis*; the former of which is reckoned to have belonged to a person between eleven and twelve feet high, the other to a giant of thirteen feet four inches; but no history is given of the other bones of these skeletons. The Chinese pretend to have had men among them even so prodigious as fifteen feet high! Perhaps these relations are no better founded than their chronoligical fables.—However, I now shall subjoin a short account of Mr. O'Brien, the Irishman, who has lately been exhibited in London; and who pretends, in his printed advertisements, to be nearly "nine feet high."

I visited this Irishman on the fifth of May 1804 at No. 11, Haymarket. He was of a very extraordinary stature but not well formed. As he would not suffer a minute examination to be made of his person, it is impossible to give any other than a very slight description of him. He declined the proposal of walking across the room; and I believe, was afraid of discoveriug his extreme imbecility. He had the general aspect of a weak and unreflecting person, with an uncommonly low forehead; for as near as I could ascertain, the space above his eye brows, in a perpendicular line to the top of his head, did not exceed two inches. He told me his age was thirty eight years; and that most of his ancestors, by his mother's side, were very large persons. The disproportionate size of his hands struck me with surprise; and in this he seemed to make his principal boast. He refused to allow a cast to be made of his hand, and said "it had been done many years ago;" but as I have seen that cast at Mr. Bacon's, I am convinced the size is much too small to represent his present state of growth.—All his joints were large, and perhaps rickety. His legs appeared swollen, mishapen, and I thought, dropsical; however, he did not like my touching them. The feet were clumsy, and concealed as much as possible by high shoes. His limbs were not very stout, especially his arms, and I judged he had scarcely got the use of them; for, in order to lift up his hand, he seemed obliged to swing the whole arm, as if

if he had no power of raising it by the action of the deltoid muscle.—He certainly had a greater redundance of bone than of muscle, and gave me the impression of a huge, overgrown, sickly boy, his voice being rather feeble, as well as his bodily energies, and his age appearing under that which he affirmed. Indeed, I find he gave a different account of himself to different visitors. The state of his pulse agreed with the general appearance of his person, viz. feeble, languid, and slow in its motions. With regard to his actual height, I felt anxious to detect the fallacy he held out of its being almost nine feet! Upon extending my arm to the utmost, I reached his eye brow with my little finger. Allowing his height to have been two inches and a quarter above this, it could not be more in the whole than seven feet ten inches: so that I am persuaded the common opinion, founded on the Giant's own tale, is greatly exaggerated.

THORNTON'S SPORTING TOUR.

(Continued from page 137. of our last.)

JULY 2.—Sent the large perch as a present to Sir James. Got into the boat at ten o'clock, and soon afterwards landed, in order to explore the beauties of the island of Instevanock. Left Mr. Garrard there, to indulge in drawing some beautiful views, and landed at Rosedoe, where they were met by gentlemen upon the lawn, who politely shewed them many improvements already made, and explained others projected, in order to add to the beauty of such an enchanting spot.

A very spacious modern house appeared here; and although its external was truly attracting, yet the Colonel observes, he declined inspecting it till after dinner, as the enjoyment of that was invariably the Colonel's primary and predominant consideration. Admired the fine plantations, and rising forests of firs, running up to the very tops of the heights, fantastically enough, from the forms the mountains assume; and their bases covered with no inconsiderable quantity of oaks, some of which are more than handsome trees. Dr. Johnson, the Colonel observes, had been here; but this growth of timber must have escaped him, or he must, in this instance, be suspected of the want of candour in his representation. Not that the Colonel would be so absurd as to say, that these Alpine countries, be they under Hambleton in Yorkshire, on the verge of the Cumberland Lakes, or in the Highlands, can, from the nature of their soil, produce such magnificent trees as the Cowthorpe oak. Viewed the mansion, the property of Sir James Colquhoun; paid respects to Lady Helen, and other ladies; found a most excellent suit of well proportioned rooms, each commanding the most delightful views, and perfectly well sheltered from the storms to which such countries must ever continue subject. Dinner announced—of which the Colonel never omits to make epicurean mention—and, amongst other excellent dishes, the seven-pounds perch made its appearance, broiled, and was considered very fine by the party. After the bottle had most hospitably passed, the visitors were preparing to depart; but Sir James would not accede to the proposition, till he had produced the

"landlord's

"landlord's bottle," a custom peculiar to the North, where luxury has not yet blunted hospitality.

The evening was rendered enchanting by drinking tea with the ladies; and in the return on foot, had the advantage of viewing some fresh beauty at every turn of the road. Here fortune favoured the stars of the Colonel; and, as a happy anecdote for a Sporting Tour, he observes, that, breaking out of a wood, where they had been looking at a thriving oak, he perceived near the road side two very elegant female figures, rising as it were from the lake, who appeared uncommonly well dressed. The Colonel—who may be concluded to have been no novice in these matters—was pretty confident they were not inhabitants, and, moving forward, had nearly offered his hand to one of them, in order to help her over a brook, not so destitute of water but it was likely to wet a delicate lady's foot, when a momentary impulse checked him, and, divided between exclamation and propriety, remained—as is usual in such cases—almost motionless. The lady, he plainly saw, smiled, and he thought she perceived a disposition in him to do the same. Mr. P. struck with so much feminine beauty where so little was to be expected, kept whispering in inquiries who those ladies were, and, dropping a little behind them, was all in raptures; but it was not likely the Colonel could resolve his inconsiderate questions. The ladies, it seems, were excellent walkers; and as they approached the inn, which was the party's temporary residence, the Colonel perceived his servant coming hastily forward, who soon informed him of what he so much wished to know. The two ladies proved to be the Duchess of G——, and Lady Mary G——, who were on a tour through the Highlands; and as the sporting party occupied the whole of the inn, the landlord had nearly been the cause of their proceeding to Tarbat. The Duchess, however, to whom the Colonel had the honour of being known, on hearing that it was engaged by him and his party, very judiciously concluded, that any inconvenience the party might experience, would be considered only as a luxury, for the accommodation of her Grace. Understanding this, the Colonel hastened to pay his respects, although he learned by the way, that the ladies were *incog*, and had not, on that account, paid or received any visits.

Found, upon inquiry, that setting off in the morning to Tarbat, would interfere with her Grace, particularly in a house barely capable of receiving one family; and in which the landlord gave very indifferent hopes of accommodation. The Colonel devoted the next day to crossing the lake, and fishing for pike under Ben Lomond; and to troll, or fish, or hunt with the fox-hounds, whichever became most favourable. Mr. Garrard intended taking sketches up and down the lake from what is called the Point of Firkin. Meanwhile the carriages were ordered to proceed for Tarbat, there to order beds, &c. leaving his drawings for the inspection of the ladies, which they undertook to leave at Tarbat; when the Colonel took leave, wishing the ladies a pleasant excursion.

July 3.—In the morning rose at four; morning sharp; took boat in the front of the inn, where the Colonel soon hooked and killed the best trout he had ever seen, after having afforded excellent sport. This fish they concluded weighed full seven pounds, which was instantly despatched as a present to the ladies already mentioned, and was

was cheerfully accepted. Here follows a simple and unentertaining account of angling and trolling, amounting to no more than the *semper eadem* of many score pages, which it should seem was thought as well to print and sell as any thing better.

(To be continued.)

BOXING.

TOM BELCHER & YOUNG WARD.

ONE of the most severe fights took place on Tuesday, the 26th of June, that has been witnessed since the memorable battle between Johnson and Big Ben. Neither of the combatants had entered the lists before, though they were known to possess great skill, and were equally desirous to display it. One of them was John Ward, son of the celebrated bruiser of that name, and the other Tom Belcher, younger brother to a pugilist of still greater celebrity. By way of encouragement to the young heroes of the fist, a purse of fifty guineas was subscribed, to be divided between them according to their respective merits.

On Monday night, at 11 o'clock, it was agreed that the combatants were to decide the contest in Tothillfields on the following day. At two o'clock they accordingly met, attended by their seconds and bottle-holders, &c. The ring did not exceed forty feet in diameter; and this was done by driving stakes into the ground, to which were tied horses' reins, supplied by the hackney coachmen.

On stripping, the odds were six to four on the side of Belcher, and many bets were made. Ward appeared more muscular than his opponent out of his clothes, but Belcher was longer armed, and taller. They both set to in a masterly style, and displayed great science. Ward made the two first blows at his opponent's body, which took considerable effect: they were given with such violence, that had they been placed where they were intended, the battle would have been finished. Belcher, however, soon rallied, when some desperate blows ensued on both sides; and the round finished with even betting.

From the first to the eighth round was one continued scene of hard fighting, each party endeavouring to make good his hits without ever once shrinking from a blow. The odds were six to four on Belcher again; but it was not thought they were warranted from any advantage he had in the battle. Young Belcher adopted the manner and style of his brother, and hit as straight as a dart with his left hand, whilst his opponent fought like a lion, and disdained to give way.

For several rounds after the eighth, Ward's blows were so forcible and well directed, that they became irresistible, and he had apparently the advantage: but, from the supposed bottom of young Belcher, the betting was still even. About this period Belcher began to be in reality so weak and exhausted, that he fell twice without receiving a blow.

To the seventeenth round Ward seemed to possess the advantage, if there was any, and had put in many very desperate body blows. Belcher continued to fight with equal spirit, but fought all at the head, by which means he had considerably injured Ward's eyes, which were much swelled.

The seventeenth round was fought with desperation. Belcher's strength seemed to be recruited; he

he changed his mode of fighting, and threw in several body blows. Ward persevered with undaunted spirit to the end of the round, which was long; but, after falling with his opponent, he did not appear to rise with the same alacrity.

The eighteenth round was another severe trial, in which both the combatants seemed determined to employ all the strength and vigour they had left. Ward appeared very faint; but he stoutly stood his ground, and received such violent blows on his eyes, already much cut, that they were now entirely closed up. Though his sight was nearly gone, he requested to try another round, in which he was completely worsted; and his friends perceiving there were no hopes of success, carried him off the ground almost a lifeless corpse. Ward, however, as a reward for his bravery, was greeted and complimented as a "Chip of the Old Block," whilst young Belcher was hailed as a true descendant of Slack.

The nineteen rounds were fought in thirty-three minutes and an half. Several persons of distinction were present.

PITTOON AND WOOD.

It has been for some time known that a battle was to be fought between Pittoon the Jew and Wood the coachman, for a subscription purse of 50 guineas. The vigilance of the magistrates around the metropolis has lately been so great to prevent scenes of this kind from taking place, that much caution was used to keep secret the time and place of contest.

It was not till Sunday night, the 15th instant, that Wilsdon Green was named as the scene of action on the following day. This was the memorable spot on which so much prowess was displayed between Tom Tough and the Knightsbridge coachman, a few months ago. It will be remembered that Wood is a veteran in the pugilistic art. He has fought many hard battles, and seldom failed to triumph over his adversary. His victory over George the Brewer, will long be remembered in the records of pugilism.

Pittoon is a young man, and has beat Jones and Maddox, of the old school. Wood had superior strength and length of arm to oppose against Pittoon's youth and science; so that there were no odds at starting.

To prevent interruption, it was agreed that the fight should take place at ten o'clock. Accordingly, at a very early hour, the amateurs were in motion. At the appointed hour the field of battle was filled with spectators.

The ring being formed, exactly at three quarters past ten o'clock, the combatants entered it. Wood first stripped, and appeared in excellent condition; the Jew also seemed in good spirits; and the battle commenced without any sanguine opinion being entertained on either side.

First Round—Wood struck the first and second blow over his antagonist's guard, but made little impression. The Jew returned them with his right hand—hard hitting ensued on both sides. Wood proving the strongest, beat Pittoon against the rope which surrounded the ring, by which he was entangled. This gave wood an opportunity of making good several blows. At length the Jew fell, and Wood had evidently the advantage.

Second Round—Wood took the lead in the first blow, and the Jew

made several straight forward hits. In rallying, the Jew gave way and fell.

Third Round—Very short but sharp fighting. The Jew had the advantage.

Fourth Round—The Jew put in several good blows, but was rallied back to one side of the ring, by the superior strength of his opponent, who did not quit him till he had left him on the ground.

Fifth Round—A great deal of sparring at the commencement, which was followed by several hard blows on both sides. The blood flowed copiously from Wood; he, however, rallied the Jew against the rope, which threw him down. The odds, however, were now six to four in favour of the Jew; for though he could not keep his legs well, his hits seldom failed to do execution.

Sixth Round—The sun became extremely troublesome to the Jew, who tried to gain his adversary's side. Wood, on the other hand, endeavoured to prevent him, which produced a great deal of manœuvring on both sides. Wood, finding that he had lost the advantage, closed with the Jew, and threw him.

Seventh Round—Wood had the sun in his favour; he put in several body blows, which the Jew tried in vain to stop, and being beat to the side of the ring, fell; but the odds did not vary, it appearing that Pittoon lost no strength, whilst his opponent began to waste by his extraordinary exertions.

Eighth Round—Wood made a blow, ran in, and closed with the Jew, and threw him; whilst the Jew was on his back, Wood patted him on the head, by way of triumph; the Jew returned the compliment to Wood.

Ninth Round—Pittoon appeared for the moment to have lost his temper, and he ran at Wood with fury, who, hitting out with his left hand, brought the Jew to the ground; much hissing at the Jew, and great applause to Wood. The bets, for the first time during the battle, in favour of Wood.

Tenth Round—The Jew became more temperate, rallied, and made several successful hits. Wood, whilst making a blow, slipped his foot, and turned round; the Jew availed himself of an opening in Wood's body, which he hit severely on falling. The odds again were six to four in favour of Pittoon.

Eleventh Round—Wood seemed fearful of Pittoon's blows; but, conscious of superior strength, ran in and threw him.

From the Eleventh to the Fifteenth Round—A great deal of severe hitting took place; but no blows which were likely to decide the battle. The Jew fought with great caution, and stopped several desperate blows with great skill, and hit again with the same hand. This was a manœuvre he learned from Mendoza, which proved, on this occasion, extremely successfull.

Fifteenth Round—This round was likely to have proved fatal to Wood, who, on rallying his opponent, was hit by him a severe blow in the stomach, which brought him to the ground, where he lay a considerable time. A general cry of —"Time! Time!" was vociferated round the ring. Wood tried to conform to the rule of boxing, by meeting his antagonist within the time allowed; but it was not in his power. However, to prevent disputes, the battle was suffered to go on, as soon as Wood was able to stand. The multitude supposing at this time that the battle was over, broke

broke in the ring, and a general confusion took place, which gave Wood time to recover. The odds were now ten to one against the coachman.

Seventeenth Round—Wood exhibited great symptoms of weakness, and Pittoon, who seemed in full vigour, did not exert his full strength against him, finding that a gentle push was sufficient to knock him down. It was generally supposed that Wood could not stand another round; indeed he intimated to his second, that he should not be able to hold out much longer.

Eighteenth Round—Wood, to the surprise of his friends, rallied again, and seemed quite invigorated; and it was thought he had the best of this round.

From the Eighteenth to the Twenty-fifth Round—The coachman fought with great resolution, but could not make much impression.

Twenty-sixth Round—It would now appear as if the populace were determined the Jew should not win the battle; they broke the ring completely, the posts were rooted out of the ground, and the ropes cut to pieces. Things were in this state, when a body of horsemen rode on to the place of battle, and were compelled to trample on the people before they would give way, and make a fresh ring. A general engagement was the consequence, and many persons came off with broken heads and bruised toes.

The battle continued to the Thirty-second Round in a very confused state, without any ring whatever. Sometimes one had the advantage, and sometimes the other. Pittoon almost invariably fell, from the weak state of his legs; but, before he dropped, he generally cut his opponent dreadfully, from his straight method of hitting.

Thirty-second Round — With great pains a fresh ring was made, and the battle again proceeded in a regular way; but it was evidently in favour of the Jew.

From the Thirty-second to the Thirty-sixth Round—The coachman made a good stand-up fight, and it was supposed by many, that as the Jew generally fell at the conclusion of the rounds, that Wood had the best of it; but it was not so: the Jew invariably gained more by his hitting, than he lost by his falls.

The Thirty-sixth Round finished this severe contest. Wood, after a hard struggle, being quite worn out, was obliged to yield the palm of victory.

Several other battles were about to be fought; but the arrival of the Bow street officers prevented them, to the great regret of the amateurs.

LAW.

Court of King's Bench.

ASSAULT UPON A GAMEKEEPER.

THE KING v. ROGERS AND OTHERS.

THIS was an indictment against John and Thomas Rogers, Mark Simonds, and William Morley, for an assault upon Thomas Hudson, the head gamekeeper at Osterly Park.

It appeared that the Defendant, Mr. Thomas Rogers, a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of Osterly Manor, was in the habit of shooting hares in the grounds about that quarter, for which he had the usual

usual privilege. One evening, as he was riding through the Park, Hudson, the prosecutor, attempted to obstruct him, and insisted he should not pass through the gate, nor interfere with the game. Upon which, Thomas Rogers said, he would ride over him; and clapping spurs to his horse, rode directly against him, and tumbled him into the ditch: Hudson struck Rogers and his horse with a knotted holly stick. The latter then alighted from his horse, seized the stick, and having wrenched it out of the other's hand, beat him so severely as to break the stick on his head, and make the blood flow plentifully. While these parties were so engaged, the other persons who had come into the field with Rogers, seven in number, three of whom were defendants, joined in close combat with the under game-keeper, Cornelius Brown, and one Savoury, a person belonging to Osterly Park. Hudson, finding he was getting the worst of it, snatched a double-barrelled gun out of Brown's hand, and presented the but-end of it at Thomas Rogers, in order to keep him off.

When the Prosecutor, Hudson, was cross examined by Mr. Garrow, he admitted he did strike Thomas Rogers first; he said he would know Mr. Morley again if he should see him; and several gentlemen in court being pointed out to him by the learned Counsel, he said " None of them was the man." Upon Mr. Garrow's pointing out one gentleman in particular, the Witness swore positively he was not the person; but it turned out that he was the identical Mr. Morley, and a respectable hop-merchant in the Borough. The Witness insisted he would know the man, and described a person totally different from that gentleman.

Cornelius Brown, the under gamekeeper, swore he saw Hudson getting out of the ditch, and immediately Thomas Rogers rode up to him, and cried out " Now I'll do for you." There were seven persons altogether, with Rogers, and there were but three upon Hudson's striking at Rogers and his horse. Rogers alighted, seized the stick, and beat Hudson with it till he broke it, and brought him to the ground. The blows were all given on the head, and he was all over a gore of blood. The Witness then took the stick out of Rogers's hand, or he believed he would have killed the other; and indeed he thought Hudson was dead, for the blood was flowing all over his coat. He admitted he had struck Thomas Rogers, but it was with his open hand. He also described Mr. Morley as a stout, lusty man; and when that gentleman was pointed out to him he swore positively that was not the person. He denied being one of the persons who brought Mr. Morley out of his bed at eleven o'clock at night under a Judge's warrant.

A surgeon residing at Isleworth was examined; he said, he was sent for to dress the wounds of the gamekeeper, and found one of four inches long and two inches obliquely deep in his head: if the blow had fallen straight upon the head, a fracture in the skull must have been the consequence; he did not pronounce him out of danger for four days, and was under the necessity of attending him for some weeks.

Mr. Erskine was proceeding to state the Defendant's case; when

Mr. Gibbs interrupted him, by saying, he had been employed by the trustees of the Manor of Osterly, to conduct this prosecution; that it was by no means their wish to injure the defendants: and if Mess. Rogers would engage not to molest the grounds of Osterly Park in future,

ture, they would not even ask the costs of the action.

Mr. Garrow stated, that he was concerned for one of the defendants only, Mr. Morley, and as he had not been identified by any of the witnesses, he must be acquitted. He further said, he could have proved that Mr. Morley was coming to town in the mail coach when the transaction happened.

As the assault was proved, the Jury found the defendants, John and Thomas Rogers and Mark Simonds Guilty, but acquitted Mr. Morley.

A FAMILY QUARREL.

PICKMAN *v.* ROBSON.

MR GARROW.—" This action is brought to recover between L.50 and L.60 upon the subject which I shall state to you. The plaintiff is a single lady, and sister to a person who has the great misfortune to be the wife of the defendant in this cause. We were all of us in the course of yesterday, very much affected by a scene that was exhibited, and his Lordship was particularly so; and he, with great humanity and kindness to a person who suffered apparently from some violence, inquired into the cause of it, whether any injury had been offered to the person whose sudden exclamation alarmed us all at once in court."—This is an allusion to a lady who yesterday, in the crowd in court, exclaimed, " What do you mean? What do you mean!" and then fell upon the floor in a fit and was carried out.

" Gentlemen, I am sorry to say, that the distress of that scene was real, and that it was occasioned by the brutal conduct of the defendant in this cause. This action is brought to recover, as I told you, about L.60, but I am afraid I shall not be able to make out the plaintiff's claim, to your satisfaction, for more than about L.50; it is for the board and lodging of the defendant's wife.—By the law of this land, as indeed, reason and justice would require, if a husband turn his wife out of doors, and casts her upon the wide world, by making it impossible, from his own misconduct, that she should continue with him, he is bound to pay for all the provision and maintenance she may receive from any humane person who may take her under protection. The unhappy woman, who is the wife of the defendant, was of the age of 27 when he married her; she was an handsome, accomplished, well educated person, and had a right to expect to be treated with tenderness and affection; instead of which she was treated with the most infamous and scandalous brutality."

Richard Pickman swore as follows: I am the brother of Miss Sarah Pickman and of Mrs. Robson. She lives now at No. 8, Charles-street, Westminster; Mr. Robson and my sister have been married two years, I believe, last March.—I know of her leaving her house, in consequence of brutal treatment, from what I have reason to believe. She left him on the Tuesday in Whitsun week, 1803. She went to my sister Sarah's house, I went with her and my sister Sarah to speak to him. I gave her a letter to him first, but not having an answer to it, I went with her to him on the 31st of May, 1803. I saw Mr. Robson; he lived at Westmoreland row, Walworth. I told him that I came home with his wife, who had been afraid to stay in his house, in consequence of a letter I had written to him. I have no doubt Mr. Robson has that letter by him.—The letter was not produced, and as the plaintiff's attorney

hey had not given notice to produce it, nothing more could be said of it.

He would not agree to her entrance. He positively said so; he threw up the sash of the window, as we stood in the garden before the house, and he fired a gun at me as a trespasser, as I was standing in the garden before his house; I went away in a few minutes afterwards, and my sister went with me to the house of a Mr. Preston, a gentleman who lived almost opposite, where we staid while she had some little refreshment; I went home to my sister Sarah Pickman's, the plaintiff's apartments; she has maintained my sister, Mrs. Robson, ever since that time. I think my sister ought to have not less than a pound a week for the maintenance of Mrs. Robson; but, according to the defendant's circumstances, as they have been represented to me, I have reason to believe he can afford much more; for at the time he married my sister, I heard so from himself—"There he is; I have pleasure in speaking in his presence."

Lord Ellenborough.—"You may have virtuous cause for your anger for aught we know, but you are now in a court of justice to give your evidence temperately, not in a theatre used for the explosion of human passions."

The witness proceeded—"The defendant told me his business was very large; that he had not less than 20,000 quarters of grain by him—he is a warehouseman for corn factors—I have heard him represent, before the marriage, that his business could not produce less than a thousand a year."

Mr. Erskine—In courtship a man will say any thing.

Witness—I have not had an opportunity since of observing what his business has been.

James Lane—I live at No. 2, Webber-street, Blackfriars Road. I am a married man, and have two children living with me; I know the plaintiff Sarah Pickman I remember her coming home, and bringing with her, her sister Mrs. Robson, at five o'clock in the afternoon, on the 31st of May. Miss Pickman at that time, and some time before, lodged in my house, two months I believe. Mrs. Robson continued with the plaintiff, her sister, to the 27th of August, to the best of my knowledge. She was entertained and maintained by her sister, regularly during that time; she was supplied with every thing necessary, according to her sister's means and situation in life. I know the defendant—pointing to him in court—I was present when an application was made respecting his wife, on the 5th of June last was a twelve-month. The defendant sent for his wife, and she was not at home. She came in five minutes with her sister. I told her of the message, and she desired me to go and see who it was that wanted to speak to her. This brought me into the company of the defendant.—I wanted to pacify man and wife. I went to the defendant myself, without his wife—told him his wife wished me to see what he wanted. He was then at the Carpenter's Arms. He wished to have the matter settled if he could I told him if he had any thing to communicate to his wife I would do it. He said I do not know what to communicate to her, she is such a fool; "I am quite mad with her, and if I had her here I would drag her by the hair of her head until I should but leave her just alive, to save my own neck." He was in a very great passion respecting her; he called her a b——, or some such expression; that she had reported he had given her the ——— distemper, but

but that she would have been well enough, if she had had patience to take medicine enough. He said his anger was for her having reported that to the family, and all over the neighbourhood. I did not hear any thing improper from the woman at all; I can refer to some of the first people in London that I am living in a creditable manner.—There is not the least foundation for supposing that these ladies conducted themselves in an indelicate manner; if they had, they should never have been suffered to converse with my wife. I made an application to the defendant for the clothes of his wife; I told him they should each of them give and take a little towards each other; for I wanted them to come together again. He said it was a very comical business; he did not know what to make of it. He said, "he could not receive her back on the terms she was before; but if she would come back, and be the servant of the servant, she might come back, but that every penny that came to her, should come through the servant's hands." After I had pressed him, as I considered it to be my duty, to take his wife back, I did ask that she might go back in that way. He was thoroughly against her coming back as a wife.

Dorothy Paine and Mary Earl proved, that the plaintiff, and her sister, the defendant's wife, conducted themselves with propriety, having lived with them for some time.

It appeared that the defendant's wife had been supported by her sister, at her lodgings, for forty-seven weeks and two days.

Mr. Erskine addressed the jury on the part of the defendant, and said, he was instructed to state, that the case had been grossly misrepresented by the witnesses on the part of the plaintiff; that instead of its being a misfortune to the wife, it was a misfortune for the husband that this marriage took effect; that he was surrounded by this family to his ruin; that his wife had several times eloped, and slept away for several nights in places that were improper, and where she contracted a complaint which she communicated to him, and not he to her; that his income now, instead of being a thousand a year, was only half a guinea a week; and if this case was proved, the defendant would be entitled to a verdict.

Matilda Bertride appeared, dressed in white muslin, and with a pair of fine French gloves, &c. Being sworn, she said—I was servant of Mr. and Mrs. Robson.

Lord Ellenborough—This is the servant of a person who gets only half a guinea a week.

The witness proceeded—I was hired by Mrs. Robson, but I was recommended by her friends, and also by Miss Pickman, the plaintiff. I went to live with them on the 23d of September, in the year before she left the house. They had no children; sometimes they lived very well together; only when their friends would not let them alone. I include in this number Miss Sarah Pickman, the plaintiff. She was always coming backwards and forwards, and my master did not approve of their coming backwards and forwards. I cannot say why my mistress at first left the house. Three weeks or a fortnight before the 29th of May, I remember Miss Pickman taking her away. She desired her to go and see her brother. Mr. Robson was not at home then. I cannot say where she went to. She went to see her brother and sister, and a woman that is kept by her brother. She was absent all the day. She slept away

away two nights. She was with Miss Pickman. She used to jump at and fight my master, and cut pieces out of his face. He behaved very well to her, as far as I saw. Miss Sarah Pickman said she could have a very good livelihood of it. She said she did not state how that livelihood was to be earned.

Cross-examined by Mr. Garrow—Q. Matilda, you certainly must have had a hard time of it, child, in your place? A. Never you mind that.

Mr. Garrow—Pull off your bonnet. A. I will not pull off my bonnet.

Lord Ellenborough—I shall not order her to pull off her bonnet, if she answers so as to be distinctly heard, and stand as she may be seen.

Mr. Garrow—Stand forward, that the jury may see you.

Q. You used to see your mistress fly at your master to tear pieces out of his face, I think you said? A. Yes, she did.

Mr. Garrow—I wonder he has so much face left. He has rather more than any other man in Court; I think so.

Q. Are you a servant of all-work, child? A. I am a maid of all-work, and a very good place I have.

Q. Had you saved much money before you went to this place? A. Ask me a civil question.

Q. Are these the clothes you usually do your work in? A. They are the clothes I work in sometimes, when I put them on.

Q. Do you always wear French gloves, child? A. I always wear French gloves when I can get them.

Q. How many beds do you make up now? A. Just the same number I used to do.

Q. And are there as many used? A. Ask me a civil question, and I will give you a civil answer.

Q. What part of the house does your master sleep in? A. He sleeps on the first floor.

Q. And you in the garret? A. Always.

Q. You always sleep in the garret? A. Yes.

Q. Do you mean to swear that? Do you mean to swear that you always sleep in the garret of your master's house? A. I sleep *in the house*.

Q. What part of the house do you sleep in, upon your oath?—

A few seconds elapsed.—No answer.

Lord Ellenborough—She has answered the question. Her silence answers it. I can only say this—I am very glad she did not give the answer that might, perhaps, have been expected; for I had made up my mind, if the matter went much farther, to have sent her to Newgate, if the parties would undertake to prosecute her for perjury.

Then, addressing the jury, his Lordship observed, that if they were of opinion the wife of the defendant was driven from her home by his misconduct, her maintenance by her relations became an imperious duty; and for all reasonable expences they were entitled to repayment. "You cannot give vindictive damages, but you may assign a full compensation to her sister, the present plaintiff. I think she should have an ample and liberal allowance, not only in return for what she actually expended, but a remuneration for the inconvenience to which she has been exposed." His Lordship added—"This defendant's conduct to his wife is most barbarous. He says, 'if he saw her near him, he would drag her by the hair of the head, and leave only life enough in her to save his own.' The whole case is

is with you; and I have no doubt you will administer justice between the parties."

Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, L.100.

TRIAL

FOR

AN ASSAULT ON MRS. R. MINIFIE.

THE KING *v.* WILLIAM DRAPER BEST, ESQ.

THIS was an indictment for an assault upon Rebecca Minifie, wife of James Minifie.

Mr. Littledales opened the pleadings on the part of the prosecution.

Mr. Fergusson stated the case nearly as follows—"My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury—My learned friend, in opening the pleadings, has stated to you that this is an indictment for an assault. It is my painful duty to state the circumstances; and, if my instructions be true, it is an offence of a most enormous nature. I have no occasion to inform you who the defendant is, as he is well known in the law as a person of uncommon merit and great talents, who has raised himself to that most honourable situation in which we now see him; and I hope he will do me the justice to believe, I would not act in any manner in which he would not do were he in my place; in which case he would feel it incumbent upon him to perform that duty which has now devolved upon me. The prosecutrix in this case is the wife of James Minifie, whose situation in life was formerly much higher than it is at present. They have been reduced to much distress by most unfortunate and untoward circumstances. About nine years ago, Mrs. Minifie had a reversionary interest in a property then belonging to an aunt, and employed Mr. Sadler, an attorney, to prepare and manage her claim. Mr. Best was engaged as counsel for her in that cause, from the time of its commencement till the year 1802, when the circumstance in question took place. A correspondence was carried on between the parties, and frequent interviews were the consequence; but nothing improper appeared in his conduct, until the month of April 1802, when, in consequence of an intimation from the defendant, importing to be upon the subject of her aunt's property, this lady went to his chambers. When she came, no conversation took place on his part relative to the business; but a circumstance occurred, which I shall decline stating, as I would rather you should have it from the witness herself. I will merely say, it was an attempt to violate her chastity. A person of more virtue and respectability is not to be found than the prosecutrix; and, if you believe the witness, she has been seriously ill-treated. But my instructions do not rest here. As it is stated to me, the defendant had declared to Mr. Alley, a gentleman of eminence and respectability at the bar, that he wished to compromise the matter; and was ready to make an apology for the injury offered. It may be said on the other side, that this indictment was not brought forward so soon as it ought to have been; but the husband of the prosecutrix, having suspicions upon the subject, wrote a letter to the defendant, which he had construed into a challenge, and upon which he was arrested, and imprisoned three months. From these circumstances, and the poverty of the party, which was by that event greatly increased, they were not able

able to bring the business forward at an earlier period. The Learned Judge, I am confident, will act in this case as he does in every case which comes before him; and I shall now call my witnesses. When you have heard the facts, it will be for you to say whether the defendant is guilty or not."

The prosecutrix, Mrs. Rebecca Minifie, was then called, and examined by Mr. Littledales.

Q. Are you the wife of James Minifie? A. I am.

Q. Do you know Serjeant Best, and how long? A. I have known him ten years.

Q. Do you remember seeing him in the Temple, in the year 1802? A. Yes.

Q. How came you to go to his chambers? A. I went in consequence of a letter he wrote to me; it was about twelve o'clock at noon.

Q. Relate to his Lordship and the Jury what circumstances occurred on your going there? A. He said he had mentioned in his letter my aunt's estate, in order that Mr. Minifie might not object to my coming alone. He then said, from the pecuniary difficulties under which I laboured, my situation must be extremely disagreeable; and that he would go away and live with me, if I chose to make him what he called happy; he said he saw that I was made unhappy by my husband's circumstances, and that he would endeavour to procure the appointment for him which he had so often mentioned.

Q. Explain what appointment you mean? A. A place in the Custom-house, which, he said, he could procure for any one he pleased. [The witnesses on both sides were here ordered to withdraw.] Witness in continuation—I told him that subject was entirely at rest between him and me.

Q. What subject? Do you mean relative to the appointment? A. No: He knowing my sentiments on that head, and my sense of duty and obligation to my husband.

Question by Lord Ellenborough—Had you communicated those sentiments before to him? A. I had.

Question by Counsel—What took place then? A. He behaved in a very rude and indecent manner.

Q. I am sorry to be obliged to ask you the particulars; but be so good as to state them in the best manner you can? [Here the witness described the particulars, which regard to delicacy obliges us to omit.]

Q. Upon his attempting to do so, what did you do? A. I told him if he did not desist I would call his clerk. He attempted to do so twice.

Q. What did he then do? A. He made use of scandalous and indecent expressions; and upon being sent for to attend a consultation at Serjeant Runnington's, he refused to go till a second message was brought.

Q. Particularize his expressions? A. He said—"You make me feel the pain of hell flames;" and he then threatened me with his resentment, and urged me repeatedly to see him again.

Q. What answer did you make to him? A. I told him it was my intention never to see him again, and never to communicate with him.

Lord Ellenborough—"She has not given any specific day."

Q. What time was this? A. On the 23d of April, 1802.

Q. Did any thing more pass? A. He would not leave the room for some time. I told him it must be my ruin if such a circumstance was

was known; but he still urged me to see him again.

Q. Did nothing more pass? A. He then left the chambers, and I went away immediately after.

Cross-examined by Mr. Garrow.

Q. You have been several years in the habit of going to Mr. Best's chambers? A. I have.

Q. Was your husband always with you? A. He was not always in town.

Q. So when you went there the servant said he had orders to carry his master word? A. Yes.

Q. How soon did he come to you afterwards? A. He came almost immediately.

Q. Pray of what length of time might your visit be? A. About half an hour.

Q. On the second message, you say, he went out; whom did you see as you went out? A. I saw the clerk.

Q. What did you say to him? A. I bid him good morning.

Q. Was this at Pump-court, or at King's-Bench walk? A. It was at King's Bench-walk.

Q. How often were you there before? A. I was never there before.

Q. Don't you know there is only a thin partition between the clerk's office and Mr. Best's? A. I don't know any thing about it.

Q. Don't you know he was a married man, and had several children? A. I knew he was married, and had children, and always supposed him a moral and thinking man.

Q. How often before had he addressed you in this kind of way? A. Never before in direct terms.

Q. In what situation were you when the message from Serjeant Runnington's was brought in? A. I was seated where I was when I first went in, and he was at some distance: there are dangerous consequences, if I set any value on my life, which I do not.

Q. Explain this; your husband is out of Court? A. What it may be that has injured my health, or how it originated, I can't say.

Q. Did your husband treat you badly? A. He threatened me with violence.

Q. What was Mr. Best's meaning, when he said—"You make me feel hell flames?" A. I could not comprehend the meaning of the expression.

Q. How soon after did you mention this business to your husband? A. I did not communicate it to him for some time.

Q. Did you ever write to Serjeant Best after that, requesting any money from him? A. I believe I wrote to him for the loan of L.100, on my title-deeds; but I afterwards raised the money elsewhere.

Q. You have had a long correspondence. I dare say a lady of your cleverness generally keeps copies of her letters; have you got any? A. I believe I may have copies of one or two letters.

Q. Did you write any other letter to him since, and what answer did you receive? A. I did. He sent a letter addressed to my husband, inclosing a L.5 Bank-note, with a curious inscription upon it.

Q. I wish we could see this inscription; have you the note? A. No; it went into the Bank.

Q. Was that the only letter you wrote to him afterwards? A. I am almost certain it was.

Q. Did you write any letter by your husband's desire to Serjeant Best? A. I did; he never before put me to so painful or cruel a task.

Q. Did he write the draft of the

the letter he so compelled you to write, or did you do it yourself? A. I always write my own letters.

Q. Did your husband write to Mr. Best? A. He did; he wrote for an explanation of his conduct.

Q. What conduct? A. His not having performed his promise relative to the appointment, and my not going to him as I used to do.

Q. Did you know the cause of your husband's imprisonment? A. I understood he went to beat Serjeant Best.

Q. When was the indictment preferred against Mr. Best? A. About two sessions ago; and it was afterwards removed by *certiorari* into the Court of King's Bench.

Q. What magistrate did you apply to for the informations against him? A. I had not the most distant intention of applying to any Magistrate; but my husband's imprisonment brought matters to light which should ever have been concealed; he remained in custody, among felons, for three months, without a bed to lie on. I was desired by him to fix a statement to Mr. Alley's brief at the sessions.

Q. Did you or your husband authorize any person to wait on Serjeant Best, to obtain money on this account? A. Never.

Q. Did you know one Kelly? A. I knew Kelly a little; he was an old acquaintance of my husband's, not of mine. He used to dine with my husband sometimes. I sent him once with a letter to Serjeant Best, in June, 1802; and told him, if he was my friend, he would enter into conversation on the subject, and speak all that was right and proper; and to deliver the letter personally.

Q. Did he deliver the letter according to your instructions? A. No; he declined it.

Q. Who struck out his name in the letter? A. It was struck out.

Q. Those letters were written with your approbation? A. Every letter was written against my inclination.

Q. When did your husband begin to reproach you, and use you with violence? A. His reproaches were before June.

Q. Were you desired to make any statement of this matter? A. I was desired to put down what my conscience dictated, and to swear it before the clergyman of the parish, as early as July.

Q. Did you afterwards apply to Mr. Best for money? A. Having obtained relief from a friend, I was saved the necessity of doing so.

Q. Did you ever communicate this matter to your husband? A. He was fully apprized of it as early as August. I was so ill I could not go to him; but I dropped a letter for him in the post, apprizing him of all the defendant's conduct.

Q. Did you ever apply to any person to interfere in this transaction! A. I applied to Mr. Erskine.

Q. I hope he was not alone with you? A. He generously offered to interfere; and by his interposition, as I could not obtain bail, my husband was enlarged.

Q. Did you ever publish a narrative of those transactions? A. I attempted to do so; but the press was closed against me.

Q. Did you cause an advertisement to be inserted in the newspapers? A. I did.

Q. Who cut out the advertisement and sent it to Mrs. Best? A. Not me.

Q. Did

Q. Did you not know it was done? A. I do.

Q. Don't you know who did it?—

Mr. Fergusson objected to this question.

Lord Ellenborough—There is a link to the chain—As this now stands, it appears a conspiracy to extort money from Mr. Best. I think it would be evidence if she acted with others in the conspiracy; but she is not bound to say any thing that would tend to criminate herself.

Witness—I have no objection to answer; I did frame the advertisement for the paper; I have the draft of it here, and knew it was sent; I have no objection to go into it.

The letter was then shewn to her, which she acknowledged to be her husband's: she was then shewn two more, which she also acknowledged to be his.

Q, How often were you at Serjeant Best's chambers? A. Very frequently; I can't say how often.

Q. Were you there thirty, or forty, or fifty, or were you there 500 times? A. I cannot say how often.

Q. I must have an answer; say even four or five times? A. I dare say, I was very many times, thirty or forty, or much more, in the course of ten years.

Q. Had you ever a female friend went along with you? A. I don't recollect that ever I had: I went alone in general.

Q. What times did you generally go? A. Morning or evening, as it suited the Serjeant.

Q. Were your conferences, in general, long or short? A. Some conversations were of great length.

Q. When did he begin to take those liberties you speak of? A. A very little time before April, he demonstrated to me his wishes.

Q. What did you take offence at? A. I did not think it was right for him to leave his chambers, and walk out with me a very considerable distance, through the streets of London. I thought it indecent.

Q. You thought it indecent? A. I thought it not indecent, but improper.

Q. It was alarming? A. Not alarming.

Q. What happened after this; did you ever write to him? A. He was going circuit on a Wednesday, and wrote to me, that as he would be at his chambers on the following Saturday, to send somebody, and he would come. I could not think of coming out in the evening; I thought the thing improper, and therefore wrote him a line while upon circuit.

Q. Do you ever write without your husband's knowledge? Did he know this? A. I certainly wrote without his knowledge; he did not know this. I wrote to Mr. Best that no uneasiness might occur. Mr. Best charged me publicly with having been wicked, or I never should have seen such a day as this.

Q. Explain yourself? A. He said, at the office, in Bow-street, when my husband was about to be committed, that I was a woman of loose habits: it added much to my grievance, when I found such an accusation against me.

Lord Ellenborough—You knew he meant something improper by the meeting, when you wrote him a line; had you any doubt it was an overture towards a criminal intercourse? A. I had communicated my sentiments on that subject to him.

Lord E.—Could you have any doubt

doubt he would renew those overtures? A. I never thought he could.

Lord E.—Had you any doubt he meant a criminal intercourse? A. I certainly had.

Lord E.—Had you any doubt when you expressed your sentiments to him? A. He knew my sentiments on every thing.

Lord E.—When he wrote about your aunt's estate, had you any doubt of his intentions? A. I should not have gone, if I had. I wished to withdraw when I found his intentions; I arose to go away.

Lord E.—Were you afraid to call out when he took those liberties with you? A. I did not wish the clerk should know, which he must have done, if I had called out.

Lord E.—So you would suffer your chastity to be violated, sooner than let the clerk know.

Mr. Hankey, Foreman of the Jury—How long did he stay after the message came from Serjeant Runnington's. A. He stayed a short time.

Q. What time intervened between the first assault and the second? A. We were a little time asunder, when indecencies followed each other: there might be some interval. He sat down, and we talked on other subjects; he then made the second assault. The clerk came in, and I desired him to go.

Here her examination ended, during the course of which she was by no means intimidated. She appeared to be between forty and fifty years of age, and not of a prepossessing countenance. She was dressed rather youthfully; in white, with a straw bonnet.

Mr. Alley was then sworn and Mr. Fergusson was about to examine him, when Mr. Garrow insisted that Mr. Alley should declare every circumstance of the transaction within his knowledge, as it was his wish that nothing whatever should be concealed, and he did not intend to make any objections whatsoever against any part of the evidence.

Mr. Alley then proceeded.—"About the last day of last Michaelmas Term, I was applied to at the Clerkenwell Sessions, to move for Mr. Minifie's enlargement, as he had not been able to procure bail. The application to me came from Mrs. Minifie, and her Attorney. My instructions were, an affidavit, which I thought it improper to state. He was afterwards discharged. A number of applications were made by her to me, requesting I would apply to the Court of King's Bench, for an information against Serjeant Best. She called at my chambers repeatedly, and I told her it was useless and fruitless, for that I would not be concerned. She then wanted to know if a civil action could be brought? I told her as she had no proof but her own evidence, she could not recover upon that. The circumstances she told me were, that he attempted to commit a rape upon her; that he offered her violence, and hurt her breast. This she repeatedly mentioned to me. I thought, for the honour of the Bar, and the respect which I had for the profession, that it would be most adviseable to have the matter referred to some gentleman of respectabiliy, and mentioned Mr. Erskine, as I was satisfied justice would be done to all parties; and, if the charge was a true one, ample reparation would be made. I said I was satisfied Serjeant Best was a gentleman, and a man of honour, and would willingly make an ample apology, but, most particularly, in a case where a female was

was injured. The husband was with me twice before I could speak to Mr. Best on the subject. I then went to him; he declined a reference *in toto*; and said it was an infamous attempt of the party to extort money from him; and let them proceed how they would, he would come to no terms whatever.

I told him, that I was extremely sorry to hear a crime of that sort imputed to him; that the world was censorius; and she was a woman of so extraordinary talent, that even the abilities of Mr. Garrow himself could not shake her evidence; he expressed himself much obliged to me, and again repeated, that so far from taking the indecent liberties which she had mentioned, he had not used any kind of familiarity with her; and persisted in declaring he would vindicate his innocence. On my return, I related what had passed; they seemed extremely disappointed; the husband was very passionate; declared his wife had been cruelly treated; was determined on a public exposition of the facts; and would not rest, till he had the gown stripped off the Serjeant's back. They again pressed me to apply to the Court, but I positively refused."

Mr. Garrow—Is there the least foundation for the assertion, that Mr. Best offered to apologize? A. Most unquestionably he never did say he would make an apology.

Q. Did you ever say to any one, that he would make an apology? A. I never did.

Lord Ellenborough—He never offered to leave it to a reference? A. He never did.

Lord E.—Had you any communication with them afterwards on the subject? A. When I found them determined to prosecute an indictment, I would have nothing more to do with them.

Question by a Juror. Were you authorized to mention any sum of money, in case Serjeant Best agreed to a compromise? A. I never was authorized.

Mr. Garrow was proceeding to state the case of the defendant.—Mr. Hankey, the foreman of the Jury, declared he might be prevented the trouble, as the Jury were all fully satisfied, and determined to acquit the defendant, in the most honourable manner. "My principal motive," says Mr Hankey "for interrupting the Court now, is, because we think it the most honourable way to acquit him on the evidence against him."

Mr. Garrow said, from the circumstances in evidence, and the share which his Noble and Learned Friend, Mr. Erskine, had taken in the business, the duty of defending his client and friend fell upon him. A more horrible and dreadful attempt to ruin and destroy a worthy and highly respected character never was made; and a more satisfactory and honourable acquital never was pronounced.

Lord Ellenborough—Gentlemen, you appear perfectly satisfied upon this matter, so that I shall not trouble you with any observations upon it.

When the Jury was asked, had they agreed to their Verdict?

The Foreman, without a moment's hesitation, we find him—Not Guilty, certainly.

HORSES THIGH BROKEN.

VIVIAN *v.* NEALE.

THE Plaintiff was riding, attended by his servant, from his house in Lincoln's Inn-Fields, to the Excise Office in Broad-street. The master had passed onward up the new street called Skinner-street, rising from Holborn-bridge, while the servant was attempting to dis- engage

engage himself from a throng of carriages at the end of Fleet-market. The cart of the defendant suddenly turned round, the shaft entered the thigh of the servants horse, and in this dreadful situation the animal was carried several yards, before he could extricate himself by plunging. In the effort the rider was thrown. The horse was conveyed to a neighbouring stable, where he was attended by a veterinary surgeon. For fourteen days he could not lie down, and in endeavouring to obtain some repose on the fifteenth, he broke the thigh and died.

Mess. Erskine, Wood, and Marryatt disclosed the facts of the case, and said that it was wholly owing to the fault of the carman of the defendant that the accident happened: they proved the horse to have cost the owner 46 guineas, and for this amount the action was brought.

Messrs. Garrow and Espinasse, for the defendant, stated, that the servant of the plaintiff was on the wrong side of the way; that every country bumpkin who came to town with a load of hay knew so much of the law, that if he went on the improper side, and his cart were crushed to pieces, or his horses to death, he or his master must submit to the consequences: these familiar lines will be recollected—

The rule of the road is a paradox quite;
In driving your carriage along,
If you turn to the left, you are sure to go right;
But if you go right, you go wrong.

Lord Ellenborough—"The question for your consideration is, if the damage which has happened was the result of mere accident, or the fault of the plaintiff's or defendant's servant; and this will depend upon the credit due to the witnesses, on the situation and subsequent movement of the cart."

Verdict for the defendant.

WARRANTY OF A HORSE

HALL *v.* LEMON.

MR. ERSKINE stated the case of the plaintiff, who was an attorney, and belonged to the St. James's Volunteer Cavalry: he had bought the horse in question from the defendant, whose name was Mark Lemon, and by profession a horse dealer; the learned counsel observed, there was no catching a horse dealer but by 12 such men as were then in the Jury Box, and he trusted their verdict would *mark* Lemon indeed.

By the original agreement, the defendant was to take back the horse, if not sound, in twelve months; and it was proved he had an intermitting cough, while in possession of the plaintiff.

Mr. Garrow, on the part of the defendant, mentioned, that the horse had got too much physic, too little to eat, too much to do; and in short, had been too much for the young attorney in the grand *charge*.

The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, L.52 : 10s.

ROWING MATCH.

MONDAY, July 9th, in the afternoon, an excellent rowing match took place upon the Thames between the following four-oared cutters, viz, the Venus, the Albion, the Fame, the Aurora, the Minerva, the Diana, and the Mars.

The prize was a silver cup, to be presented to the victor by Mr. Solomon Chambers, Boat Builder, and the proprietor of the Roebuck public-house at Millbank. The successful boat of each of the three first heats was to row a fourth for the prize. The first and second heats were from Millbank to Battersea

tersea Bridge, and back. In the first, the Venus was victorious.—The Albion won the second. The next two were from Millbank to Westminster Bridge and back.—The Aurora had shot a-head, and turned the arches of the bridge, long before the others, when suddenly she was boarded by an Excise Officer, who put the broad arrow, the usual mark of seizure, upon her: he was proceeding to seize the boat for not having her licence with her, when he was put overboard to the no small amusement of the spectators, who were highly incensed at his interference at so critical a moment. Having made his way to the shore as well as he could, the boats then proceeded on their trial of skill, and in consequence of this accident to the Aurora the Fame won that heat. A dispute arose as to the boats which were entitled to row the fourth, which was argued with great spirit on all sides; and after various deputations and disputations, it was agreed, that the Aurora should again try her chance instead of the Fame. The Venus, the Albion, and the Aurora, then started together; for some minutes the Venus took the lead; and, by the time the boats had reached Westminster Bridge, the contest became doubtful, and continued so for some time, when the Venus and Albion got foul of each other, within a stone's throw of the winning-post, from which they were not extricated, till the Aurora had passed the goal, and was declared the conqueror.—The parties then retired to the Roebuck, where, with a cheerful glass, they drank to the success of the Aurora. The Prize Cup was a large massy one of silver. We were much delighted with the fanciful taste of a number of female rowers, who

Feather'd their oars with such skill and dexterity,
They charmed each heart and delighted each eye.

VAUXHALL SAILING MATCH.

FRIDAY, June 29, the annual prize cup and cover given by the Proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens were sailed for by the following pleasure boats:—

The Mercury, Mr Astley, Lambeth; Daphne, Mr Unwin, Wandsworth; Owner's Delight, Mr Langston, Wandsworth; Mermaid, Baron Hompech, Hungerford; Eliza, Mr Hunter, Blackfriars; Two brothers, Mr Drinkald, Custom-house; Brutus, Mr Hughes, Rotherhithe; Olive Branch, Mr Dodd, Lambeth; Amelia, Mr Cox, Old Barge.

At half past five o'clock they set sail from Black-friars, to go through Battersea Bridge, return, and go round a boat moored off Vauxhall Stairs. No material difference appeared until they got off Hungerford, when the Olive Branch shot a-head, but the Mercury getting to windward on the next tack, she came in a few minutes upon the starboard side of the Olive Branch, and they went through Westminster-bridge about the same time, with the Daphne upon the keels of both. The other boats were a considerable distance astern. Off Lambeth Church, the Mercury got a-head, and continued her advantage until she had weathered the point, when the Daphne, which was the favourite, having a full breeze gained upon the Mercury, and got a-head in going through Battersea Bridge. Notwithstanding this circumstance, the Mercury, by the superior nautical skill of Mr. Astley, enabled her again to leave her adversaries astern, and come in at the prize station exactly ten minutes before the Daphne, which was the second boat. The cup is valued at thirty guineas. This is the fifth Prize won by Mr. Astley; four of which has been gained by the Mercury.

 THEATRICALS.

THEATRICALS.

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

Colman's Theatre, July 3.

THIS Musical Entertainment comes from the pen of Mr. Dimond, jun. the author of "The Hero of the North."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Felix	Mr. Elliston.
Rosalvi	Mr. Chapman.
Florio di Rosalvi	Miss H. Kelly.
Julio di Rosalvi	Master Horrebow.
Jeronymo	Mr. Mathews.
Juan	Mr. Taylor.
Baptista	Mr. Palmer.
Marco	Mr. Smith.
Pietro	Mr. Field.
Helena di Rosalvi	Mrs. Gibbs.
Genevive	Mrs. Taylor
Claudine	Miss Howells.
Ninette	Mrs. Mathews.

The story, though simple, is interesting. Ferdinand Rosalvi, reduced to the extremity of penury, becomes a Hunter of the Alps under the name of Vincent. His wife and two children crying for bread, and unable to relieve them, his distresses compel him to attack a stranger—Felix—in the forest, who has missed his way during the chase.—The stranger is then met by Ferdinand's children, and conducted to his cottage, where in the person of the Robber, he recognizes a long lost brother.

Several of the sentiments are distinguished for a peculiar felicity of conception, and a pleasing elegance of expression, particularly a strong and forcible reproof of the too prevalent system of seduction, and an animated eulogium on the "moist tear of gratitude!"

The piece frequently pleased, never disgusted; and if it did not swell the soul to rage, or excite the more exhilerating emotions of the mind, it flowed on like the silvery current, smooth, placid, and inoffensive.

The Overture was distinguished for several judicious and lively movements; and several of the airs and choruses were highly creditable to the taste and genius of Kelly.

Elliston exerted himself with considerable effect; and succeeded in blending the serious department of Melpomene with the laughing graces of Thalia. Mathews had no room for the display of his abilities; and, "*mirabile dicta*," not a single stanza was allotted to the favourite singer of "Oh! Miss Bailey," &c.

Taylor attempted to imitate Incledon, but was not successful.

Elliston announced a repetion for the next evening, which was unanimously welcomed.

MR. JOHN HILTON,

Judge of the Course at Newmarket.

AN artist of no mean celebrity having made sketches of some of the servants of the public at Newmarket, and our engraver having finished the portrait of Mr. John Hilton, Judge of the Course, we conceive that it will be much approved by our readers and customers.

To Sportsmen, the office of Judge of the Course at such a place as Newmarket, is of no little importance; and this cannot be more strongly evinced, than by Mr. Hilton constantly taking the journey from Newmarket to Epsom, to decide on the Oaks and Derby Sweepstakes, annually run for at that place. Mr. Hilton likewise attends at Brocket-hall, to decide on one race at that place.

FEAST

Etched from a Sketch by Marshall.

Mr. John Hilton,
Judge of the Course Newmarket.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

AFTER the late *badinage* in the House of Commons, on the question, whether Mr. Corry or Mr. Foster was then actually Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland? Mr. Sheridan went up stairs to take some refreshment; when, on one side, he saw Mr. Corry, with two or three friends, at a table—and, on the other, Mr. Foster, similarly situated. The former, with much good humour, called out to him—"Here, Sheridan, is a seat for you—come and take a snack with the real Chancellor of the Exchequer."—"No, no!" with equal pleasantry, rejoined Mr. Foster, "come here—'tis here, believe me, that you'll find the true Irish Exchequer." Mr. Sheridan paused between the two for a short time, till a fine dish of hot beef-steaks passing him were put on Mr. Foster's table. "Now," says he, sitting down with Mr. F. "my mind's made up—for here are the *ways and means*, and therefore this must be the veritable Chancellor of the Exchequer."

QUERY for the Gentlemen of the Long Robe.—In speaking of some part of the process of bleaching the other day, Mr. Serjeant Cockell related, that he himself had seen an experiment tried upon a common house-fly, which was dropped into a certain chemical preparation, and instantly blanched white as snow. Query—If the ingenious chemist had dropped a *lawyer* into his menstruum, instead of a fly, how long would it have taken to blanch the son of Coke upon Littleton?

A SAILOR, in the fleet off Brest, begged permission lately to escape to the enemy. "For why?" said his officer.—"To inform them, your Honour, that we are ready to conduct them to England *in sixteen hours*.

EPIGRAM.

Says Old Nick to his crony, old Emperor Nero,
As together they sat in a sulphury bow'r—
"I'm reso[illegible] now to *finish* my Corsican Hero,
By crowning his wishes with *absolute pow'r*."

Says Nero—"Great King of Hell's gloomy dominion!
Ponder well what your Majesty 's going to do—
His ambition 's so boundless, that 'tis my opinion,
It never will rest till he overturns *you*."

HAFIZ.

JEU D'ESPRIT.—A gentleman of a very puny constitution, telling a wit, not long since, that he had dissolved

dissolved his marriage, the latter replied—"No wonder, as the marriage seems to have *dissolved you.*"

A BULL.—The following curious piece of information is given in a letter from Plymouth—"Sailed, three *empty* colliers, *laden with provisions and stores* for the squadron off Ferrol."

PLAN of Promotion.—A very tall gentleman was appointed to a small ship, where his cabin was every way inconvenient. After applying in vain to his friends to get him promoted, he at last wrote to the Admiralty Board, humorously setting forth his grievance, who remitted an order for his immediate removal to a larger ship, reciting the words of the petitioner to this effect—"Whereas *A. B.* of his Majesty's ship ——, has informed us, that having the *misfortune* to be six feet three inches high, and his cabin being neither in height nor length above four feet six inches, he can neither *lie, sit, stand,* nor even *kneel* at his devotions; this is therefore to certify, that we appoint him to the ——, a ship commodious for *all the above purposes.*"

BONAPARTE, in his late addresses to the Continental Sovereigns, calls them all *cousins*; but they, we believe, exclaim in return, with Father Foigard—"The devil burn the *relationship*, Honey!"

IT is remarked by a provincial paper, that an *ophthalmia* prevails in the neighbourhood of York. If so, the proverb is not true, that "Yorkshiremen have all their eyes about them."

A LATE alderman of Dublin, a thorough-bred Cockney, having occasion to ride some miles out of town—"How is this?" said he to a friend, the next day, on his *return*; "all the *mile stones* were yesterday on my *left hand*, and to-day they are all on my *right!*"

THE same alderman had a favourite *cat* and *kitten*, and as he wished that both should have free access to every part of his warehouse, he ordered *two holes* to be cut in the door—a large one for the *old cat*, and a smaller for the *young one.*

BON MOT.—A needy writer told lately a brother scribe, who refused to lend him a trifle, that he was "out at elbows." "Better so," replied the latter, "than to be *out of cash.*"

THE two Miss *Cheeses* are engaged to sing this summer at *Gloucester* and *Chester*; they will, of course, be quite at home at both places.

THE DEAN AND TUMBLER.

As Dean Corpulent waddled one day thro' the street,
A poor little urchin fell down at his feet,
And began tumbling heel over head;
And head over heel he kept tumbling so fast,
And heel over head; till rising at last
He a halfpenny begg'd for his meed.

"Pshaw, that's nothing—a *halfpenny!*—no not a doit:
A reward, you young rogue, for that easy exploit—
Go! 'tis not deserving of any."
"No—an't it indeed?" quoth the saucy young elf,
"Then down, if you please, Sir, and do it yourself,
And by jingo *I'll* give *you* a *penny!*"

THE cook of one of the colleges at Cambridge was lately ordered into the room to receive a *jobation* for having sent up a dish that appeared

peared to be dirty, in which there was a *calf's head*. The man denied the charge; and, looking at the person who had been the most severe upon him, said—"I beg your pardon, Sir; the dish is so clean that you may *see your face* in it."

An old *quidnunc*, who abominates a *pun*, had his gravity greatly discomposed, the other day, by the following circumstance.—Having given an opinion, that the ensuing election was likely to prove a very *obstinate* one, a Crown and Anchor wit replied—"True, Sir; it will prove a *Main warring*."

A volunteer being upon permanent duty in one of the principal towns in Lancashire, and meeting the commanding officer of another corps in the street, did not salute him in the usual manner. The officer called the private to him, and asked if he did not know him? The volunteer said—"I conna say that I do." When the officer informed him, that he was colonel of such a corps—naming it. "Indeed!" replied the private; "I've naw doubt it mun be a good pleace; see an you keep it." Upon which the officer walked on.

The Planting of the Vine.—When Noah planted the first vine, and retired, Satan approached it, and said—"I will nurture you, charming plant!" He quickly fetched three animals—a sheep, a lion, and a hog—and killed them one after the other, near the vine. The virtue of the blood of these animals penetrated it, and is still manifest in its growth. When a man drinks *one* goblet of wine, he is then agreeable, gentle, and friendly; that is the nature of the *lamb*.—When he drinks *two*, he is a *lion*, and says, "Who is like me?" he then talks of stupendous things.—When he drinks *more*, his senses forsake him, and at length he wallows in the mire.—Need it be said, that he then resembles a *hog!*

Dr. Franklin, when last in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the Doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c. "Every thing, Massa, work in this country! Water work, wind work, fire work, smoke work, dog work—he had before noticed the last at Bath—man work, bullock work, horse work, ass work: every thing work here but the *hog!* he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day: the hog be the only *gentleman* in England."

Conundrum.—"Why," says a son of the sod to his brother, John Bull, "why is fire ungrateful?"—"Why!" says John, "really I don't know."—"*Becaze*," says Pat, "you love it, and it *hates* (heats) you."—"That may be a good pun," replied John, "from your tongue, but it would be nonsense from mine."—"Och! to be sure," says Pat, reddening at the supposed insult, "we are all savages in Ireland."—"Not quite so," rejoined John, "though I find you easily convert *heat* into *hate*."

The shark said to be caught in Walney Channel, with a pair of buckskin breeches, a man's hand, and a diamond ring, in his belly, reminds us of an account of an enormous whale said to be stranded off Flamborough Head, in the year 1259, in a state of dreadful exhaustion, with a church steeple sticking out of his mouth. On cutting up the sacrilegious monster, which could not be performed so quickly as to prevent his convulsions from setting all the bells a ringing, the whole

whole congregation were found in the body of the church, inclosed in the stomach of the Leviathan, in the very act of singing psalms, and the parson in the vestry, taking a glass of wine before sermon!!!—We think, whatever may be the extent of the "historic doubts" of some men, they who think the Walney account credible, are bound to believe the Flamborough anecdote, which comes down to us covered with the venerable cloak of antiquity.

THE following singular pedigree has been advertised in a Morning Paper—"*Morgan Rattler*, out of *Mrs. Siddons*, by *Garrick*," &c.

PROMOTIONS *ungazetted*.—A miller lately obtained the title of Marshal *Saxe*. The city pastry-cook, equally famed for *turtle* and for *tactics*, has acquired the appellation of Marshal *Tureen!*

ONE of our gallant tars being told lately, that the Gallic flag would soon exhibit, instead of *three stripes*, an *Imperial Crown*, replied, pulling up his trowsers—"Well, well, the Monsieurs shan't want plenty of *stripes*, if they'll only come athwart our *gangway*."

MONUMENTAL Inscription.—On the monument of a vinegar merchant, in Roehampton Church-yard, who had acquired a handsome fortune by the sale of vinegar, is the following whimsical inscription—

Sicut alter Annibal viam patefecit *aceto*.

"Like another Hannibal, he made his way with *vinegar*."

WHEN Lord Nelson was quite a child, and on a visit to his grand-mother, at Hilborough, he was invited by another boy to go a birds'-nesting. As he did not return at the usual dinner-hour, the old Lady became alarmed, and despatched messengers in different ways to search after him. The young ramblers at length were discovered under a hedge, counting over the spoils of the day, and the young Horatio was brought home. His relation began to scold him for being absent without her leave, and concluded with saying—"I wonder *fear* did not drive you home." Horatio innocently replied—"Madam, *I never saw Fear!*"

IT happens sometimes that the risible muscles of mankind are moved in places of the most serious and sacred resort, as well as in those set apart for amusement, and the promoting of hilarity. An instance of this kind occurred in a small village, not long since.—When the parish clerk had, in his harmonious note, set the twenty-first Psalm, and repeated the first line—"O Lord! how joyful is the King"—a simple fellow in church exclaimed—"Aye, faith, so well he may, so much money as he have got."

TWO country attorneys, overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked, why his fore-horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The waggoner, knowing them, answered—"that his fore-horse was a *lawyer*, and the rest were his *clients*."

TABLE of Fines imposed at a City Club.—An oath, 1s.—a curse, 6d.—above a curse and under an oath, 9d.—an horrid expression, 3d.—any dirty words, 2d. N. B. For three oaths, 2s.; and for all above six, five per cent. will be allowed.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Friday, July 6, a foot-race was run between Lord Frederic Bentinck and the Hon. Edward Harbord, for the sum of one hundred guineas. The ground chosen was between the second and third mile-stone on the Edgeware road. They started about three in the afternoon; and the race was very closely run for something better than half the way, when Mr. Harbord, owing to his superior strength, gained considerably on his antagonist, whom he left at a great distance behind. Mr. Harbord ran the mile in five minutes and some seconds, and the bets at the close were two to one in his favour.

ON Tuesday, the 10th instant, at Newmarket, before the races, a foot-race was run between Mr. Mellish and Lord F. Bentinck, for fifty guineas a side, over the Beacon Course, which was won by Mr Mellish by about fifty yards. The winner was thirty-eight minutes and ten seconds in doing it. Both of them walked part of the way.

ON Friday, the 20th inst. John Bell, Esq. engaged to walk from Brook-green, Hammersmith, to Brighton, in fourteen hours, for a bet of two hundred guineas, which he performed, with apparent ease, in thirteen hours and forty-five minutes—a distance of fifty-eight miles, notwithstanding he sprained his ancle in the early part of the journey.

IN running for the Military Sweepstakes, this month, on the Lewes course, the horse rode by Capt. Dalbiac, which was second in, on passing the winning post, fell, and died without a groan or struggle. The Captain escaped unhurt.

As the grooms of Major Dalbiac and Mr. Bridges were preparing two ponies, the property of their masters, for a subsequent race, the latter, just as his rider was about to mount, broke loose, and ran away as far as the barracks. Before he was caught and brought back, the time for starting had elapsed, when the race was declared in favour of Major Dalbiac, whose poney had walked over the course.

AT Hurst-green Military Races, on Wednesday, the 18th instant, a purse of 50gs, subscribed by the officers of the 69th Infantry, and North Gloucester Militia, was won by Capt. Watson's br. h. rode by Captain Ready, beating Captain White's b. h. rode by Mr. Gregory, 12st. each.

Same day, a match for 10gs was won by Mr. Brownrig's b. h. rode by

by himself, beating Capt. Brindley's gr. h. rode by Mr. Gregory.

Same day, a match for 10gs was won by Mr. M'Nally's gr. h. rode by Mr. Brownrig, beating Mr. Gregory's bl. h. rode by Mr. Beby.

Same day, a match for 10gs was won by Capt. Hope's ch. h. rode by Mr. Reed, beating Mr. Gregory's b. h. rode by himself.

The above races afforded excellent sport, and were very numerously attended, particularly by military gentlemen. Capt. Kingscote is said to have netted nearly two hundred guineas by bets on the first race.

At Stockbridge Races, on the Thursday, a serious accident happened to one of the jockeys, Mr. W. Westlake. As they were going round the first time, the horse he rode—Piercefield—fell down with such violence, as to throw him to a considerable distance, which dreadfully bruised him, and he remained speechless a long time; happily, however, he had none of his bones broken, and is now in a fair way of recovery.

At Sir Ferdinand Poole's sale, his famous stallion Worthy was sold for 800 guineas, and bought for the India Company.

On Friday and Saturday, the 13th and 14th instant, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, at Ripley Green, between eleven noblemen and gentlemen of Mary-lebonne Club, and eleven gentlemen of Ripley and Chiddingfield, for 1000gs a side, which was won by sixty-eight runs, by the Mary-lebonne Club.

A grand Match of Cricket, for 100gs, between the gentlemen of East and West Kent, was played on Boughton Lees, on Monday, the 25th ult. and won by the former. A difference arose between the parties who made the match, respecting the time of leaving off; but East Kent having seven wickets to go down, and only six runs to get, the umpires allowed the match, and all the bets, to terminate in their favour—

West Kent	1st Innings	90
East Kent	1st do	86
West Kent	2d do	74
East Kent	2d do	73

And seven wickets to go down.

The Silver Arrow lately given by the City of Edinburgh to the Royal Company of Archers was won by Colonel Hope, who has often distinguished himself by his dexterity in the art. A Council was afterwards held, when the Right Honourable the Earls of Ancram and Dalhousie, and Sir John Stuart, took their places, in the room of Lieut. Colonel Spens, Dr. Hope, and Mr. Gray, resigned. Saturday the 14th of July was fixed for the King's prize in Burntsfield Links, and the 30th for the Musselburgh Arrow. General Vyse, with his two aids-de-camp, were then introduced; and after signing the laws, and receiving the usual instruction and admonition from the senior Member of Council present, were admitted to the Royal Company, and received their respective commissions. The company were honoured at dinner with the presence of the Lord Provost, Earl of Ancram, Sir John Hope, Sir William Keir, and a number of other Gentlemen, to the amount of forty; Lord Dalhousie in the Chair. Lord Ancram presides for the King's prize; and we understand the officers are preparing their proper uniforms, elegantly new modelled from the antique habit of the company.

A few days ago, a wager was laid, that an arrow could not be shot at ten shots from the Archers' Hall, Edinburgh,

Edinburgh, to the top of Arthur's Seat. The parties met at Mr. L. Rae's, bow maker to the Royal Company of Archers, to decide the bet, when it was gained with ease at the ninth shot; seven of which were expended on reaching the base of the hill, and two more the summit, a perpendicular height of about 760 feet.—At a moderate computation, each shot must have exceeded 200 yards.

THE German Prince Esterhazy has the largest flock of sheep possessed by any one person in any part of the world. His Highness attended the Woburn Sheep-shearing, in 1803, when he asked the Duke of Bedford, "of what number his flock consisted?" His Grace replied, "six hundred."—"What number of shepherds?" The answer was, "one."—"Probably," says the Duke, "your Highness may have a flock on your estate?"—"Yes," replied the illustrious foreigner, "I have, in Saxony; it consists of 150,000 sheep; and for the due management of which I keep 800 shepherds."

A FATAL accident lately happened in the family of G. E. Stanley, Esq. of Ponsonby Hall, near Whitehaven. A boy who was frequently at Ponsonby Hall, had gone into the servants' hall with two of Mr. Stanley's daughters—the eldest between eight and nine years of age—and, stepping upon a box, took down a loaded musket, to let the young ladies see how well he could go through his exercise, and which he had been in the habit of doing. The piece went off; and the principal part of its contents, striking the eldest sister, killed her upon the spot! The younger was severely wounded; but it is hoped she will recover.

HYDROPHOBIA.—A tradesman at Hammersmith was bit by a dog about ten months ago, but the wound being slight, externally, no precautions were thought necessary, nor was any danger apprehended, till lately, when he complained of headach and languor. On the following day, more alarming symptoms appeared, and about midnight he expired in extreme agony.

FLYING Serpent.—A woman named Graves, living at Lancing, near Brighton, whose credit for veracity stands high amongst her neighbours, has impressed, upon the most intelligent of them, a belief, that as she was one day lately standing at the door of her cottage, she heard a rustling in a hedge, near her dwelling, and, on looking towards it, saw rush forth a serpent of immense size, which instantly took wing, flew past her, and directed his course over the wall of a contiguous garden, where she lost sight of it. Report states it has also been seen at Cokeham and other places. The above is the first visitation of its kind we have heard of since the days of Elisha Kent, who killed a similar reptile, on Ashdown Forest, Sussex, for which he obtained an annuity from Government; but, unfortunately for Mrs. Graves, and the other reporters, they have not, like him, the bruised head of the winged serpent to exhibit for the satisfaction of the incredulous.

LUSUS Naturæ.—A short time since, an extraordinary duck, having two distinct heads, and three perfect eyes, was hatched under a hen at Battle Barracks. When first discovered, it appeared very lively and brisk, but it was soon afterwards found lifeless, having been evidently pecked to death by the hen.

Lady Frances Benson, whose residence is at Harbledown, near Canterbury, a country surrounded by very large woods, has a green West India parrot, which, in its habits of life, differs so widely from any thing ever observed in animals of the same species, as to be well worthy of attention. This bird is perfectly tame, talks, and does all the little tricks common to birds of its kind, when in a domestic state; notwithstanding which, in all seasons of the year, hail, rain, blow or snow, as soon as it has had its breakfast in the morning, it watches for, and takes the first opportunity of escaping, and flies across the country, as if in the wildest state of nature, and had never been tamed or confined, and passes the greatest part of the day in the woods; and is frequently seen in different directions, several miles from home. Towards evening—about the usual dinner hour of the family—Poll returns for her dinner, a voluntary prisoner to her cage; and submits with cheerfulness to the confinement of the house, till her usual hour of escape again returns.

In May last, Madame Garnerin, with a Russian lady, ascended in a balloon at Moscow. These ladies did not desist from their bold enterprise, though at the instant a thunder storm, with hail and lightning, made it very hazardous. A quarter before eight o'clock in the evening they ascended 5500 feet. They heard in the air thundering every where round them, and felt the effect of the electric fluid in the atmosphere, which was full of clouds and rain, and agitated by wind.—They descended twenty werstes from Moscow, not without great danger; the Russian lady received a severe contusion, by coming against a tree. As the balloon was become very heavy from the rain, these female æronauts had been obliged to throw away all their instruments, even the parachute, and when they touched the ground only ten pounds of ballast remained.

A circumstance happened a few days ago in the neighbourhood of Brigg, in Lincolnshire, as curious as it was singular:—A man in pursuit of his jack-ass, found it in Broughton wood, which, on attempting to seperate from a female of the same species, flew at him like a tiger, open-mouthed, and after several rounds,—the Lancashire fashion,—seized him by the palm of the hand, still continuing to plunge with its fore feet, dragged him through the briers, and beat him against the trees, until its strength was completely exhausted; and the poor fellow, after the violent contest, which lasted some time, although half murdered, came off conqueror; but not without bruises, and receiving a serious wound in the right hand. In that condition he mounted his antagonist, and galloped all the way to Mr. B——, surgeon of Brigg, where he stopped to have his wounds dressed; then with one hand tied up, and the other disabled, but provided with one spur, he again mounted him, and by way of compensation for what had passed, was conveyed safe home in the least possible time. Means have since been adopted for the purpose of taming this ferocious animal.

Some time ago, a tortoise of the Bengal species, was found in a field in Woolfardisworthy, which is now alive, in the possession of W. Comyns, Esq. of that parish.

A pike was lately taken out of the Great Pool, in Parkington Park, Warwickshire, the seat of the Earl of Aylesford, with a carp stuck in its throat that weighed 10lb. which had choaked him. The pike, when empty, weighed 30lb.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

AS you have favoured me by inserting several of my communications before, I cannot help sending you some burlesque verses, written by the late Mr. T. Warton, and which half the world may suppose to be some of the finest ever published. I have the honour to be, &c. L. D.

EXALTATION;

OR,

THE SIGNATURE OF LOVE.

A descriptive Pastoral.

BENEATH the shadows of a glimmering oak.
Where conscious meads in soft delusion broke,
And ancient murmurs, tremblingly awake,
Repel the neighbouring coolness of the brake;
Two swains, reclining, sooth'd th' enamour'd tongue,
And thus, with fragrant vows, their pipes they strung—

STREPHON.

In every grove the various floods combine,
A thousand beauties bask upon the line;
The solemn breezes emulate the day;
And Chloe is the subject of my lay.

CORYDON.

Let thunder, thick'ning, smile upon the ground,
And mazy beams reflect a dawning sound;
Let lofty echoes on meanders throng;
But Phillis is the burthen of my song.

STREPHON.

Chloe's to me more fair than azure sight,
More soft than zephyrs melting into light:
O come, ye swains! and leave th' enamelled morn
The mossy garlands rival your return.

CORYDON.

My Phillis, wond'ring, strives the heat to pierce,
And smiles precarious through the gay reverse:
Ye hills and vales that cheer the verdant sand,
Bear me where ages float at her command.

STREPHON.

My love, regardless of the vernal main,
Like honey blushing, variegates my pain,
And, like the bee, she smooths the mantled green;
Soft as the hills, and as the stars serene.

CORYDON.

My love is like the rural seats above,
The canopy of fate is like my love:
My love is like the deep, in purple drest,
And all ambrosia warbles in her breast.

STREPHON.

STREPHON.

Now tell me, Corydon, and Chloe take,
What thing is that by kings expell'd the lake,
Whose airy footsteps faded as they grew,
Produc'd in silence, yet alive in blue?

CORYDON.

First tell me, Strephon, and be Phillis thine,
What thing is that so daringly divine,
By reason foster'd, and by nature press'd,
Refulgent, doubled, trebled, and unbless'd?

MENALCAS.

Enough! enough! O shepherds! your delay
Retards the fleecy partners of the spray:
See from yon cloud impending rivers rise:
See how the valleys wanton in the skies;
From wave to wave reluctant shades appear,
Revolving swans proclaim the welkin near,
And aid the breathing surface of the year.

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY TOGETHER.

Not—by Dibdin.

OH! come on some cold rainy day,
When the birds cannot show a dry feather,
Bring your sighs and your tears Granny Gray:
Let us all be unhappy together.

Bring the heart-piercing shoots from your corn;
Bring all the dull news you can gather;
Bring Dick Dismal, who looks so forlorn:
Let us all be unhappy together.

We'll talk about mildews and blights,
Occasion'd by badness of weather;
About horrible dreams, and dull nights:
And we'll all be unhappy together.

And we'll talk of the ghost without head,
That kiss'd Mother Mump in the cellar,
That frighten'd the barber's boy dead:
And we'll all be unhappy together.

Let us fancy fresh duty on snuff,
Cats, lap-dogs, or monkey's so clever:
Let's suppose that there's taxes enough
To make us unhappy together.

Let us talk of invasion and blood,
Of devils, black, blue, white, and yellow,
Noah's ark, Noah's self, and the flood:
Let us all be unhappy together.

Let us mourn for those days that are past,
When our hearts were as light as a feather;
Let's suppose that this day is our last:
Let us all be unhappy together.

And I charge you, my dear Granny Gray,
Should you meet Susan Sad, that you tell her,
The keg's burst, the gin's run away;
And we're all unhappy together.

Kingsland, July, 1804. J. M.

FOX-CHASE IN L——RSHIRE;

OR,

THE SPORTING BABOON.

(Continued from p. 351, of our Magazine for March last.)

THE swift—says the sage—is not sure of the race;
The strong is not sure of the battle:—
So, far in the rear,
See the son of a Peer,
Who rides you most excellent cattle.

To

To the Park upon Sunday, my Lord,
when 'tis frost,
Shew off to the folks, while they shiver;
But why risk your pate
In the field, who can skate,
The Des Hayes of the Serpentine River.

Ha! ha! master C—v—n's crack horse
is done up,
He loves one *long-winded* with reason;
For wherever he goes,
He'll obligingly *prose*,
And tell how he *led* the whole season.

Give up, lad, this hunting, your talent is
talk,
In parliament give it 'em smartly:
Or, selling your horse,
Advertise a long course
Of *Lectures* on *Nothing*, by B——y.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * ‡

Now many a hand's-breadth of very
prime hide,
Has ceased to adhere to its master;
And many a youth,
—Would he own but the truth—
Sighs—"O, for diaculum plaster."

But little *Green Jacket* is clean out of
sight,
And baffles their striding ambition;
And *I* too must flag,
My Parnassian nag
Is confoundedly out of condition.

Apollo, I find, keeps a very bad groom,
For Pegasus here is quite jaded:
In vain do I spur,
For the brute will not stir,
And *my* hopes of the *brush* are all
faded.

Your Helicon stream, is for poets who
dream,
Or Cripplegate bards gone a punting.
D—n him—and the French—
Who the belly could drench
Of the horse of a bard gone a hunting.

BRIMBER CRACK.

THE

HORSE THAT TRAVELLED.

A HORSE to travel much inclin'd,
—A horse of observation—
Went out, 'tis said, t' enlarge his mind,
From Lapland's frozen nation.

Thro' France, thro' England, and thro'
Spain,
He gallop'd, canter'd, trotted,
And nothing he beheld in vain,
Each object well he noted.

He saw, no doubt, Newmarket-races,
Veterinary College,
And visited all sorts of places
Fit for a horse's knowledge:

But what he thought of running, betting,
Or econ'my of the stable
—Though information worth the getting—
Belongs not to the fable.

Enough for us, that, leaving Spain,
To Africa he ventur'd;
And, reaching bless'd Arabia's plain,
King Lion's cave he enter'd.

There, to the monarch introduc'd,
By th' proper beast in waiting,
Letters of credence he produc'd,
His name and business stating.

"Sir," said the full-man'd prince, "I
praise
Your lib'ral taste for travel;
On wonders ev'ry day you gaze,
And mysteries unravel.

"You, children of the rigid north,
Are made for noble labour;
To us 'tis giv'n to feast in sloth,
And boast the sun our neighbour.

"But trust me, Sir, though 'n idler I,
I 'm fond of active story:
Pray tell me your's:—nay, don't deny;
To travel, Sir, is glory."

‡ Here many excellent stanzas are wanting, which celebrate some brilliant characters in the Hunt; but let us hope that they yet may be run down by the literary hounds in some pastry cook's shop.

Thus

Thus spake the king: th' obedient horse,
Complacent, paw'd and snorted;
Then fell, full length, into discourse,
And marv'lous things reported.

"On Lapland, first, Sire, whence I came,
I'll make remarks, and briefly;
Not to proclaim our wizard's fame,
But talk of nature chiefly.

"A country, Sire, of greater worth,
What nat'ralist can mention;
A people of more hardy birth,
And fam'd for grand invention."

—Thus horse: For dear our native home,
Though ne'er so rude and dreary;
We know its charms, and, if we roam,
All foreign scenes soon weary.—

"There's drumming, Sire, and smok'd retreats,
And many a pretty notion:
They conjure, Sire, and make receipts
To rule the stormy ocean.

"But, chief, the place itself I'd show,
In which both hill and vale is;
Firs, glitt'ring with a half-year's snow,
And *aurora borealis.*

"Thrice favour'd land! in winter's night
The moon is always shining;
And then, to crown the scene so bright,
There's singing, drinking, dining.

"The sun returns—he fills the vales
With vegetable treasure;
The air with birds, the sea with whales,
The days with health and pleasure.

"But, Sire," cries horse, "a useful way
In travellers' narrations,
Is, by comparison, to say
What marks the various nations.

"Thus, Sire, with you, as I perceive,
The men are tall and tawny;
While those in Lapland, give me leave,
To a man are white and brawny.

"Then, Sire, our rivers to pourtray,
With ice so firm and clever,
Whereon we prance the live-long day—
Oh! Lapland, dear for ever!"

"How! prance on rivers!" quoth the king,
"Or let me hear you better?"
"Indeed, my liege, a common thing;
True to the very letter."

"Hold," cried the sov'reign beast; "stop there,
Nor dare insult our presence:
You trav'llers love to make folks stare."
Horse stopp'd and made obedience.

King, courtiers, vow to hear no more:
Poor horse, to flight betakes him;
Behind he hears th' incred'lous roar,
And mighty tremor shakes him.

Forth from the iceless clime he flies,
As fast as fly he 's able;
This lesson learn'd—no worthless prize—
"Plain truth may look like fable.

JULIA MARIA!

A Jeu D'Esprit.

IN days of old, when first refinement's light
Broke thro' the midst of chaos and of night,
Our great great-grandmothers were giv'n alone
Such humble Christian names as Maud and Joan:
E'en Arc's heroic Maid the latter bore,
And Maud, a celebrated Queen of yore.
But such th' improvement of our polish'd age,
And such the revolutionary rage,
That milk and fish-fags now are Arabellas,
Louisas, Julias, Carolines, and Stellas.
As t'other day a fish-wench trail'd along,
And "Sprats as big as herrings, ho!" her song,
She thus address'd—in accents far from mild—
Nay, Stentor-like, her filthy wandering child—
"Julia Maria!—little imp of evil!
Come from the kennel, come—you dirty devil!"